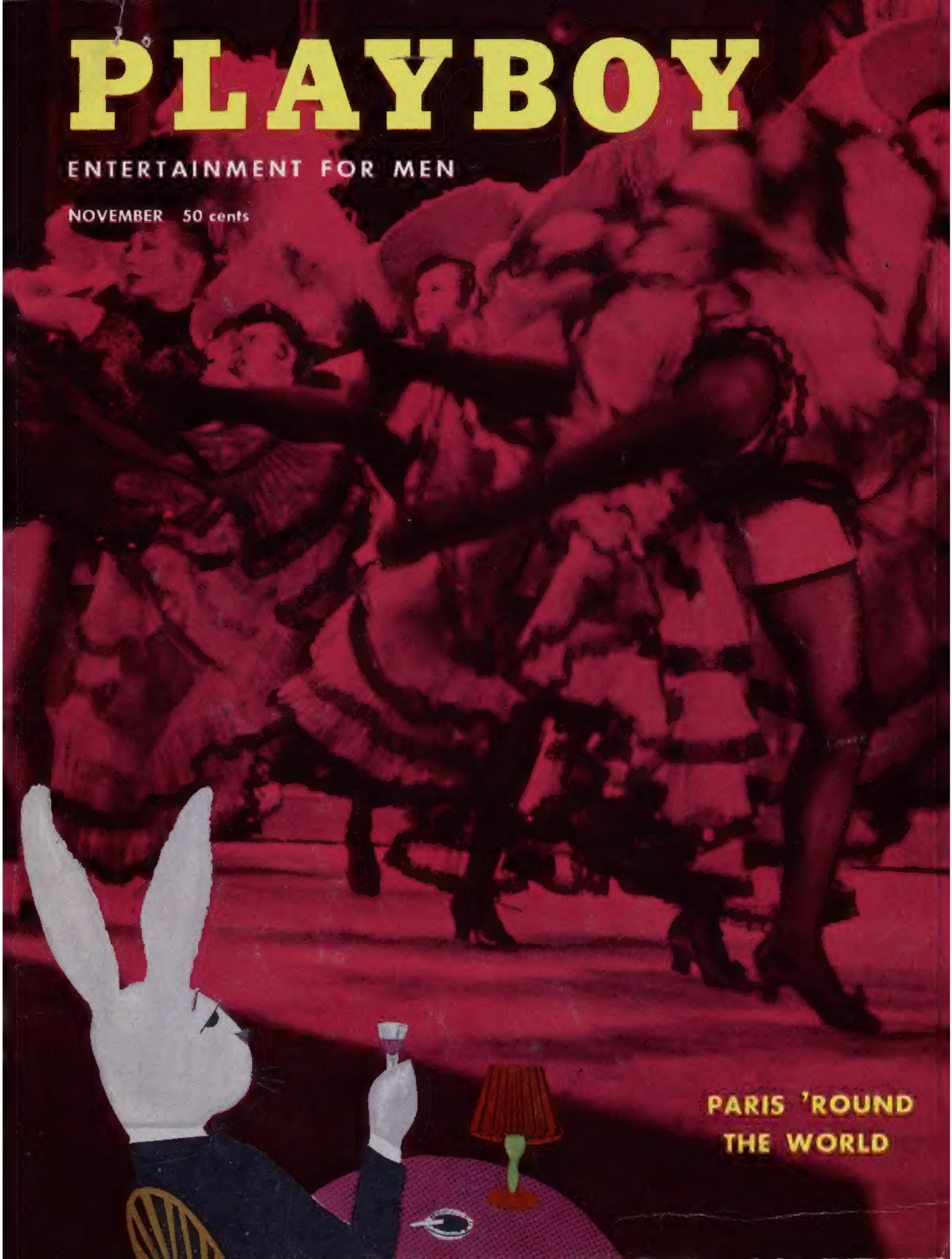
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 50 cents



PARIS 'ROUND THE WORLD

CALDWELL

PARTCH

PRICE

LEOGRANDE

WARSHAW

Mc CLAIN

PLAYBILL

WE'VE JUST COMPLETED a survey of PLAYBOY's Charter Subscribers, and thought you might be interested in the results. As we suspected, the average PLAYBOY reader has a little better education, position and income than his non-PLAYBOY-reading brother. Our statistical experts* insist this doesn't mean that reading PLAYBOY will make you a success, however. It's just that successful men enjoy reading the magazine, that's all.

The single, most significant thing about the survey was the response to it. We sent out thousands of simple postcard questionnaires; there was no incentive for filling them out and returning them except an interest in the magazine. In direct mail circles a response of 4 or 5% on this sort of a promotion is considered very adequate. *Gentry* whooped it up a couple of issues back because they came through with an 11% return on a similar survey mailing. PLAYBOY's mailing brought in a response of 48%. We spent a few years in magazine promotion before we got into publishing and we've never heard of this kind of response before. All we can say is "thanks," and we'll try to continue making PLAYBOY worth such enthusiastic interest.

A majority of the Charter Subscribers turned out to be professional men—2% are doctors (M.D. variety)—another 2% lawyers; 1½ are accountants—1½ are teachers (mostly college level)—4% are in advertising, publishing, radio, or TV. This survey of PLAYBOY's first subscribers turned up 7 corporation presidents, 14 vice presidents, and 12 miscellaneous executives. There were a psychiatrist, and 3 psychologists, a fire chief, a mortician, 3 embalmers, a retired industrialist, a cattleman, a minister, a night club owner, the public relations director for a pro football team, a dietician, an investment broker, a museum curator, an exotic dancer, a magician, a bank president, a supervisor of social workers, and a television star.

A couple of issues ago, a disgruntled reader suggested the average age of PLAYBOY's public was around 13 to 16. 19% of PLAYBOY's Charter Subscribers are between the ages of 18 and 25; 49% are between 25 and 35; 19% between 35 and 45; 9%, 45 to 55; and 4% over 55 years of age.

PLAYBOY's readers earn more than the average. 13% of the subscribers are in college or service with earning capacity uncalculatable; 20% earn less than $5,000 a year; 45% earn between $5,000 and $10,000; 22% earn over $10,000 a year.

PLAYBOY's readers have more education than the average. 5% of PLAYBOY's Charter Subscribers had less than four years of high school; 19% are high school graduates, but went no further; 32% went to college, but didn't complete four years; 44% are college graduates.

One of the reasons for this survey is because we plan to open PLAYBOY's pages to advertisers within a very few issues. We've purposely refrained from accepting any advertising during the first year of publication, wanting to first create a truly new and distinctive men's magazine. Some few readers have indicated concern, lest we turn PLAYBOY into a mail order catalogue, or otherwise permit advertising to change the contents and format of the magazine. Be reassured, PLAYBOY will continue to place its emphasis on sophisticated male entertainment. Proper advertising will enhance the magazine and make it a better buy for the well-rounded man-about-town. And since we're being kept by a wealthy widow and don't need the money, the additional revenue will go into making PLAYBOY bigger and better than ever before.

We've just received word that Leroy Neiman's illustration for "Black Country" (September issue) and Ben Denison's illustration for "Fahrenheit 451" (April) have been selected by the Chicago Art Director's Club for their fall exhibition of top magazine and advertising art.

You'll be pleased to know, bridge champ Bill Rosen's article, "Tournament Bridge," in the September issue, didn't turn into any sort of a jinx. With the issue on the stands, his team successfully defended their national titles in Washington, D. C., and will again represent the U. S. in the international bridge tournament in January.

Last month's article on film censorship was far more timely than we could have anticipated. Though we placed the emphasis on censoring the human female, after Walt Disney's *Vanishing Prairie* apparently female buffalo are in for trouble, too.

This 12th issue features two regular PLAYBOY favorites, Virgil Franklin Partch and Erskine Caldwell. Vip offers some new cartoon thoughts on men and alcohol, and Caldwell weaves an August hot tale of three men and a woman.

Lovers of the open road will enjoy Jerry Warshaw's pen-and-ink portfolio of fine autos, depicting over 50 years of playboy behind the wheel. Two television personalities have escaped from video long enough to turn out entertaining articles—Jim "Dr. I. Q." McClain on embarrassing radio and TV experiences, and Roger Price on psychotics, psychoanalysis, and such.

From the left bank of Paris, Ernest Leogrande has sent us "Persistent Nude," a charming fantasy about a painter with a problem, while PLAYBOY paints a more realistic picture of Paris night life in its five-page photo-feature, "Paris 'Round The World."

**A couple of guys we picked up from* Literary Digest *in 1936.*

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

ARMIN AGAIN

The attempts to justify and glamorize your iniquitous position are as miserable as they are despicable. Slinging mud at me, as you did in your answer to my letter, will not do you any good. The moral, clean living people of America know you for what you are and will not be taken in by the aspersions you cast upon your critics. I am overjoyed to see that Mr. Wesley of California supports my stand in regard to your magazine. Also, I am sure that countless others have written to you to back me up. You have refrained from printing their letters and have substituted instead those of typical wayward souls who are devoted to the filth in your publication. These frustrated bachelors and misguided women are to be pitied—the Devil will have his day with them.

I urge you again to take your magazine off the newsstands before it is too late. If this advice is not heeded, I shall have to take drastic action. Yours for moral reform,

Armin J. Edwards
New Haven, Connecticut

We thought we gave you a pretty fair shake the first time around, Armin. We printed your entire letter and answered it as honestly as we could. We also published, in a subsequent issue, the one and only letter we received agreeing with you, along with five of the more than two dozen we received that didn't.

One thing puzzles us. Your first letter complained about the July issue; this time you mention our reply that appeared in the August issue and the other letters that appeared in October. If you don't like PLAYBOY, *why the hell do you keep buying it month after month?*

When we received your first letter, we assumed you were sincere, and though we didn't agree with your point of view, felt it deserved an airing. After this last nonsense, we think you're just a wise guy who likes to see his name in print.

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

Your September issue was not as good as your other issues. In fact it stunk. Hope you aren't slipping.

Donald Fletcher
Lubbock, Texas

BLACK COUNTRY

The September PLAYBOY was quite impressive throughout. I devoured it on arrival, and thought Charles Beaumont's "Black Country" was a great piece of work. I speak as a writer (*Saturday Evening Post, Yale Review,* London *Argosy*) and as an ex-jazz man (trumpet and trombone). In the latter capacity, I was quite taken with the story's authenticity.

Willard Marsh
Guanajuato, Mexico

Congratulations on Charles Beaumont's "Black Country" in the September issue. All the way down the line, it's a better story than "Young Man With A Horn" ever could hope to be. I'm sure it will be remembered for many years.

Ray Bradbury
Los Angeles, Calif.

Happy hello from Japan! Somebody has sent me your PLAYBOY, September, '54. Surely it is wonderful! Beaumont's story is very good.

Tetsu Yano
Kobe, Japan

Charles Beaumont is way at the top of my list of contemporary authors.

I think, too, that Leroy Neiman's painting captures perfectly the feeling of the story.

Probably as many writers have written about music as there are musicians, but only a very select few have captured the real feelings and emotions that drive a great artist. Here is a masterpiece in jazz. It lives and surges to a jazz beat. As I read, I found my feet tapping the floor and my head nodding to the tempo. One does not merely see with this story, he hears and feels, just as surely as if he were at the "Tropics" or the "Copper Club." This story *is* jazz.

Al Hatheway
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Since Al's letter was written on music paper, we guess he knows about music. Author Beaumont agrees with the reaction to the "Black Country" illustration (see below), and so does the Chicago Art Director's Club who've just selected the illustration for their fall exhibition of outstanding magazine and advertising art.

Words fail. There have been bang-up jobs and there have been bang-up jobs, but this time the dam has gone bust. To avoid stickiness and still get across the extent of my enthusiasm, let's just say this: I have always had a vivid imagination and I frequently imagined what "Black Country" would look like in its ideal presentation; yet when I saw the September issue of PLAYBOY, I wasn't in the least disappointed. Far from it: I found my imagination was not nearly vivid enough.

The illustration is nothing short of perfect. Neiman got across magnificently all the power and sadness and — I guess dynamism is the word — that I tried to put in the story. Spool is exactly right, exactly. Couldn't be better. There's fury and hunger and passion—everything. It is the very heart of the story. God bless the man. I know he must have felt the writing; such a picture couldn't be faked.

The cover—*and* the back cover—knock you down and stomp on you. Mr. Paul has outdone himself. For all my eagerness to see my story, I stared at the cover for several minutes before plunging in—and this alone ought to demonstrate my enthusiasm.

In fact, it is not an overstatement to say that the whole issue is an artistic achievement of the highest sort. It so far outshines the other magazines around that there is no comparison (although this has been true for several issues).

If your other readers are a tenth as pleased with the whole thing as I am, then you may be sure that this issue will become a collector's item in no time at all. I couldn't be happier. Bless you all.

Charles Beaumont
No. Hollywood, Calif.

RIBALD CLASSICS

The boys here at the University of Missouri really go for PLAYBOY, especially the *Ribald Classics*. I use the *Playmates of the Month* to paper my room. You would be surprised how much they liven up the place. They also draw quite a number of visitors.

Rodger Egelhoff
Univ. of Missouri
Columbia, Missouri

SPORTS AND SNAKES

PLAYBOY is the best men's magazine I've ever read. It rates tops with everyone where I work, even the women, but *please keep sports out!*

Thomas G. Donnelly
Nearny, New Jersey

Keep the murder, violence, and snakes out of PLAYBOY and it will stay a great magazine.

R. E. Hansen
Mt. Clemens, Michigan

JANE

I really enjoyed your feature on Jane, Britain's beautiful comic stripper. I hope it isn't the last we see of her!

Chester A. Casick
Chicago, Illinois

Just finished reading your September issue—Jane, Britain's beautiful cartoon character really has it. More! More!!

Ron Randall
Chicago, Illinois

Let's have more of Jane. She's terrific—beats Milton Caniff's Miss Lace by a mile. How about a monthly feature?

Clarence B. Henley
Chicago, Illinois

What is this, a Chicago Jane Fan Club? If the little lady gets herself into any more interesting predicaments, we'll report 'em.

GINA

The September issue was outstanding. Let's have more of Lollobrigida.

James E. Scheiner
Kansas City, Missouri

LETTERS FAN

I'm not going to start off with praise for your magazine. It's great sure, but dozens of readers write and tell you that each week. Rudolph Borchert, of Columbus, Ohio, apparently doesn't care for your *Dear Playboy* section, but new readers like to know what old friends of PLAYBOY think of the magazine. And you're great to print the complaints along with the hundreds of sincere words for a job well done. Keep up your truly swell magazine.

Mrs. Robert C. Grell
Tucson, Arizona

P. S. This is a female who 'scribed as a gift for her husband. This gal knows how to keep her man happy.

VIRGINITY

Your article on virginity is one of the cleverest satires I've read in a long time. It's so great, and so very refreshing, to find a magazine that, in your own words a couple of issues ago, considers sex neither dirty nor a sacred cow. More power to you.

Where did you dig up a name like "Frankenstein Smith"?

Charles Olson
New York, New York

When the virginity article first came in, we were a little dubious about that name ourselves, Charley. But it turned out to be legitimate. Smith is a direct descendant of a bastard child fathered by Dr. Frankenstein's famous monster.

Your September issue is the most. I don't know who wrote the article on virginity, but he is the maddest. That kat has flipped into infinity. Bring him back from outer space and let him write some more. It isn't every day a man can pick up pleasurable reading like that. It gives one a lift in the midst of all this worldly strife. It's a man's article and it's great. Let's have some more please.

I would be unfair to Harry C. Crosby, Jr. if I didn't give him a plug too. I didn't flip as much with "Rolov" as I did over "Virginity," but it was a good piece of work and I know there is more madness in that fellow than meets the eye. Let him loose and let's see what he can really do.

Your magazine is the tops in my book — don't let it get too commercial. Let's keep it the leading man's magazine.

Timothy B. Burgess, Jr.
Washington, D. C.

I've just finished your excellent September issue — one of the best, by far, that you gentlemen have put out — and I especially enjoyed your article on virginity.

I'd like to put in right here that, as a newspaper man, I find your taste in matters of layout, type choice, etc., most refreshing. Good magazine design seems to be a dying art, and PLAYBOY is way ahead of most of the publications being produced today.

I thought you might be interested in a couple of additional approaches I've found useful in liberating sweet young things from the burden of virginity.

First, there's the *Big Brother Approach*, especially successful with girls on the rebound, still singing the blues over another guy. After you've supplied a broad shoulder and a good ear, it is relatively easy to talk the girl into supplying a little something, too.

Second, I've always liked the *Newspaper Reporter Approach*. This is somewhat specialized, of course, since it only works for newspaper reporters, but I found it especially successful as a struggling college journalist in a position to assign himself the task of getting interviews with the most charming campus coeds.

The "I just have to get your lovely . . . uh . . . face in the school paper" line is corny, but it works, and the more reticent can be won over by the serious young reporter technique, with an emphasis on the girl's scholastic achievements, important school activities, etc.

Of course, both of these approaches require a little practice and it would be a good idea to try them out first on someone who doesn't matter too much.

Duane Allen
Alexandria, La.

My technique? Walk up and say, "Let's." If she says, "Yes," you're in — or practically.

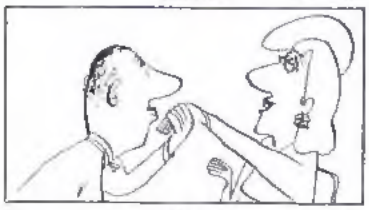
(Unsigned)
Salt Lake City, Utah

Your article on virginity was entertaining, but you missed the one sure-fire technique. For twenty-four years I've been horsing around making use of and/or indulging in the approaches you suggest and finally wound up using my own. I have six (6) black books (no, five black and one red) with around four hundred (400) names, addresses, and telephone numbers. Approximately 66 2/3% is deliverable merchandise, with the rest made up of emotional, semi-neurotic and slow-fire material.

Harry M. Johnson
Baltimore, Maryland

Well don't leave us holding our breath, Harry — what technique are you using? We still have a couple of blank pages in our own book that we wouldn't mind filling.

Caldwell P. 30



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PLAYBOY

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vol. 1, no. 12 — november, 1954

BY ERNEST LEOGRANDE

THE PERSISTENT NUDE

this was a situation to try even the most sophisticated man-of-the-world, and mr. augustus certainly wasn't that

MR. AUGUSTUS was a teller in a Wall Street bank and painting was his hobby. He had a black bowler hat which sat on top of his head and a melon-like paunch over which he clasped his hands when he was thinking.

Twice a year—spring and fall—his paintings went on exhibit in Miss Charity Belle's Tea Roome with those of other of her friends.

Some Sunday evenings Miss Belle would invite him to her chaste apartment above the Tea Roome and they would have an intellectual conversation over their tea and the New England boiled dinner.

Her art exhibitions had only two requirements: no nudes and no "modern art."

"Three eyes," she would say scornfully. "Did you ever *see* anyone with three eyes?"

"You're absolutely right," Mr. Augustus would say, reaching for another lump of sugar.

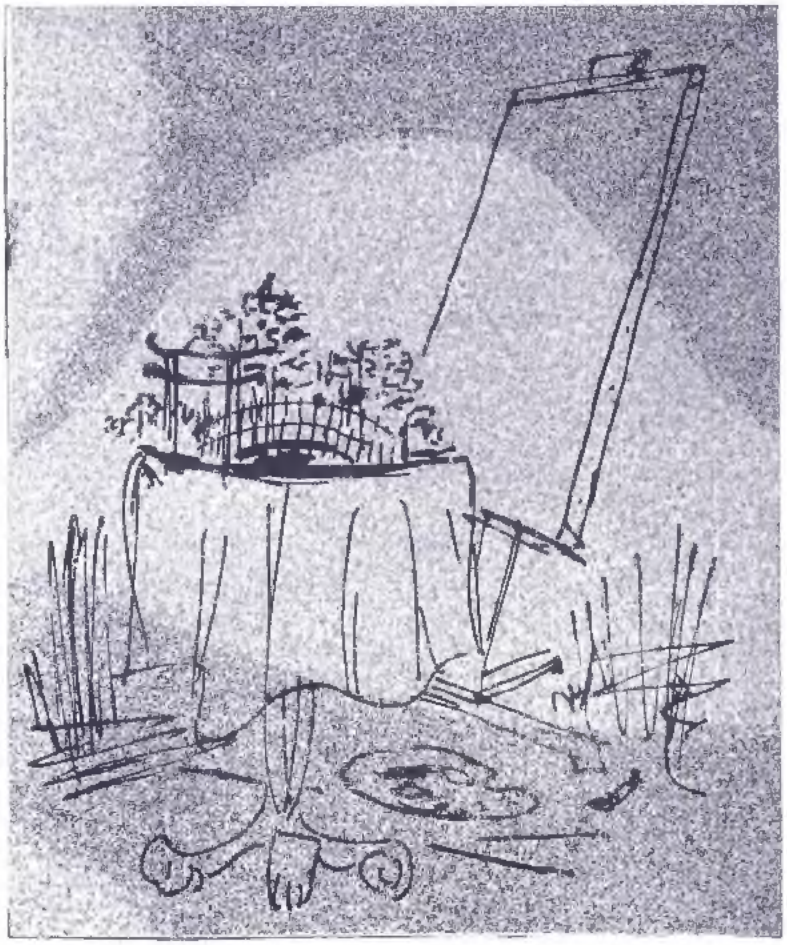
Miss Belle was tall and thin with a faint mustache. She was not the type to inspire romantic notions. Besides, Mr. Augustus had decided long before that it was less troublesome to remain a bachelor.

Nevertheless, in the spring, when the trees in Washington Square began to have their multiple births of tender buds, a vague, persistent urging always returned to bother him. When the urging became too insistent, he would make sketches of the trees and shrubs in the park and throw himself feverishly into a new landscape.

This spring Mr. Augustus wasn't sure just what his next painting was going to be. He wanted it to be startling. When the idea came to him, he considered it devilishly clever.

Miss Belle had given him a miniature Japanese garden on his last birthday.

(*continued on page* 18)



ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR PAUL

"Desertion, just plain desertion. I ain't seen hide nor hair of him for ten long years!"

OLD TIGER

THIS BASHFUL EXTROVERT HAS MADE PEACE A THRIVING CONCERN

BY ROLF MALCOLM

"I JUST SIT AROUND doing nothing and get rich."

That's how David Cunningham Garroway describes his life. And, considering the boneless way he shuffles around NBC and the five thousand dollars he gets every week for doing it, that sounds like a pretty accurate way of stating the situation.

Appearances, however, are proverbially deceiving. Garroway's weekly check from NBC was at one time less than sixteen dollars, and it wasn't exactly by "doing nothing" that he snuck up to the five-grand bracket. The road was a little rockier than that.

But not much. From Schenectady, 1913, (the where and when of Old Tiger's birth) to the fair-haired boy of NBC, 1951, it's been a steady, low-pressure success story.

Fresh out of Washington University in 1935, the young Garroway wrote and published a self-help book on mispronounced words. While trying to peddle this literary effort to book-dealers in New York, he was impressed by the apparently easy life of radio announcers in the big city. He promptly got himself an announcing audition at NBC along with twenty-three other hopefuls — and wound up twenty-third in the judges' rating. But the radio bug had bit him, so he took a job as an NBC page at $15.65 a week, along with a young voice student named Gordon MacRae. Garroway was soon promoted to guide, then guide-trainer, and eventually did some routine announcing. He ambled west to KDKA, Pittsburgh, further west to WMAQ, Chicago, and then the war came along. He landed in the navy, but still in radio: in the middle of the Pacific, they handed him a stack of records and told him to make like a disk jockey.

The end of the war saw him back at WMAQ doing routine announcing and dreaming the All-American Dream of The Big Break. It came when the station decided to broadcast a midnight record show. Other announcers begged off the late assignment because of the difficulty commuting. Garroway was third choice. He lived just a few blocks from the studio, so when they asked him if he would take the job, he shrugged good-naturedly and said, "Why not?"

Thereafter, at twelve midnight, late dial-twisters heard a Harry James blast from WMAQ, and the recorded voice of Kitty Kallen singing 11:60 *P.M.* Then an easy-going guy addressed them as "Funny Lookin'" or "Old Delicate," muttered something about this being *The 11:60 Club* and mentioned that his name was Dave Garroway. Night-owl listeners listened closer and radio history was made.

Garroway played records, gently batted the breeze around, and created a cozy you-and-me atmosphere that was easy to take in the wee hours. His vocabulary was on the bizarre side, including such double-take adjectives as *lissome, gauzy, incandescent.* John Crosby, the radio critic, called his way of speaking "distracted prose" but Garroway's audience loved it.

They liked to be called "Old Tiger" and "My So Unfrowzy," and they liked the way Garroway gave the stamp of his own good taste to the program by playing only records he personally liked. When a girl wrote in requesting a Guy Lombardo platter, Old Delicate himself quitely told her, "We don't play corn on this hassle, honey."

Garroway admits he didn't truly dig jazz until his friend Joe Klee introduced him to the musical facts of life. Klee was one of those pure jazz hounds who could tell you the exact date Barefoot McStomp's Rhythm Rascals cut their first disk or the real lowdown on why Wingy Manone's maternal grandmother hated onion soup. And it was Klee's influence that shaped Garroway's jazz tastes in the formative days of *The 11:60 Club.* When Klee left Chicago for the West Coast, Garroway kept his memory alive by mixing a recording of an unearthly Syrian chant right in with his standard instrumental selections, announcing, "The vocalist on that last number was Joe Klee," and asking the folks to remember Joe when placing their votes for best vocalist in the *Down Beat* poll. As a result of this gag, Joe Klee placed tenth in the 1946 poll—with exactly 69 votes.

Garroway also raised an unknown girl vocalist to stardom. This time it was no gag. The girl was Sarah Vaugh-

an, and Garroway admired her work very much. Her early waxings received major emphasis on The Club, her fame spread through the midwest, and from there to both coasts.

When Sarah made a personal appearance on the stage of the Chicago Theatre, Dave was there to introduce her, and it was then fans learned that behind the mild, easy-going manner is a man who can be moved to action when he's pushed.

During one of Sarah's songs, a wise guy in the audience who didn't like the color of her skin tossed an orange onto the stage. In an instant, Garroway was at the microphone, quietly but angrily asking the electrician to turn up the house lights so the brave man who threw oranges at women could find his way backstage and have it out with Garroway. The orange-hurler didn't show, of course, but no more oranges were thrown at Sarah Vaughan or at anybody else.

Garroway is always ready to help a friend. Another well known Chicago disk jockey likes to tell this story about Dave and himself. The other jockey (we'll call him John Doe) had a lovely young lady in his apartment one night and was trying to score. The champagne was flowing and so were the honeyed words, but the lady wasn't buying any. "What we need," Doe remarked, "is a little amorous mood music," and he turned on the radio. Finding nothing suitable on the air, he picked up the phone, dialled WMAQ, and asked for Garroway.

"Listen, Dave," he said. "I've got a doll in my room, but I'm not scoring. I need some romantic mood music. How about it?"

A few minutes later, Garroway announced, "I'm dedicating this next number to my good friend, John Doe. It's called *I've Got Those Scoring Blues*." The girl, of course, was thoroughly undone, and Doe insists it turned the trick.

Garroway's own sex life is a little difficult to pin down. He was married and divorced early in his career. As a very eligible bachelor, his name was linked with the irrepressible Tallulah Bankhead during his Chicago days and with television's Betty Furness after he moved to New York (Betty found time between opening refrigerator doors to knit Mr. G a pair of socks), but the best romantic bet in Dave's life is $40-an-hour model Nancy Berg, an uninhibited beauty with a taste for strong language, late hours, and the subject of this essay.

The way Dave and Nancy met makes an interesting story. Garroway's 11:60 *Club* had already given him a fair sized reputation in the midwest: Nancy was a gorgeous, but unknown Chicago model. She didn't know Old Tiger, but she wanted to. So she rented a swank apartment, phoned a number of Garroway's friends and invited them to a party in his honor. Then she phoned Mr. G, told him about the shindig and who would be there, and suggested it would be rather rude if he didn't show at an affair being held especially for him. Garroway showed, a crazy time was had by all, and things have been pretty crazy with the pair ever since (they now share the same psychoanalyst.)

Garroway always enjoyed parties. The boys around WMAQ still remember the time he got sentimental about a historic old home on Chicago's Near North Side. It belonged to a friend of his, and was going to be torn down to make way for a parking lot. He felt the old place deserved a farewell party, so at about 12:45 one morning, he told his radio audience all about it. "Come on around, Doc," he invited. "And you, too, Honey-Eyes. And bring some records if you like, and if you want anything to drink, bring it. And if you want anything to drink out of—bring that, too." According to one of the more conservative reports, 650 late-listeners accepted the invite. From Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin came droves of jolly fans, including a fellow who drank out of a flower pot, using his index finger to plug the hole.

Garroway spent his daylight hours at one or more of his various hobbies: amateur mechanics, gem cutting, tile setting, golf, photography, auto racing, cabinet making, star gazing, and reading.

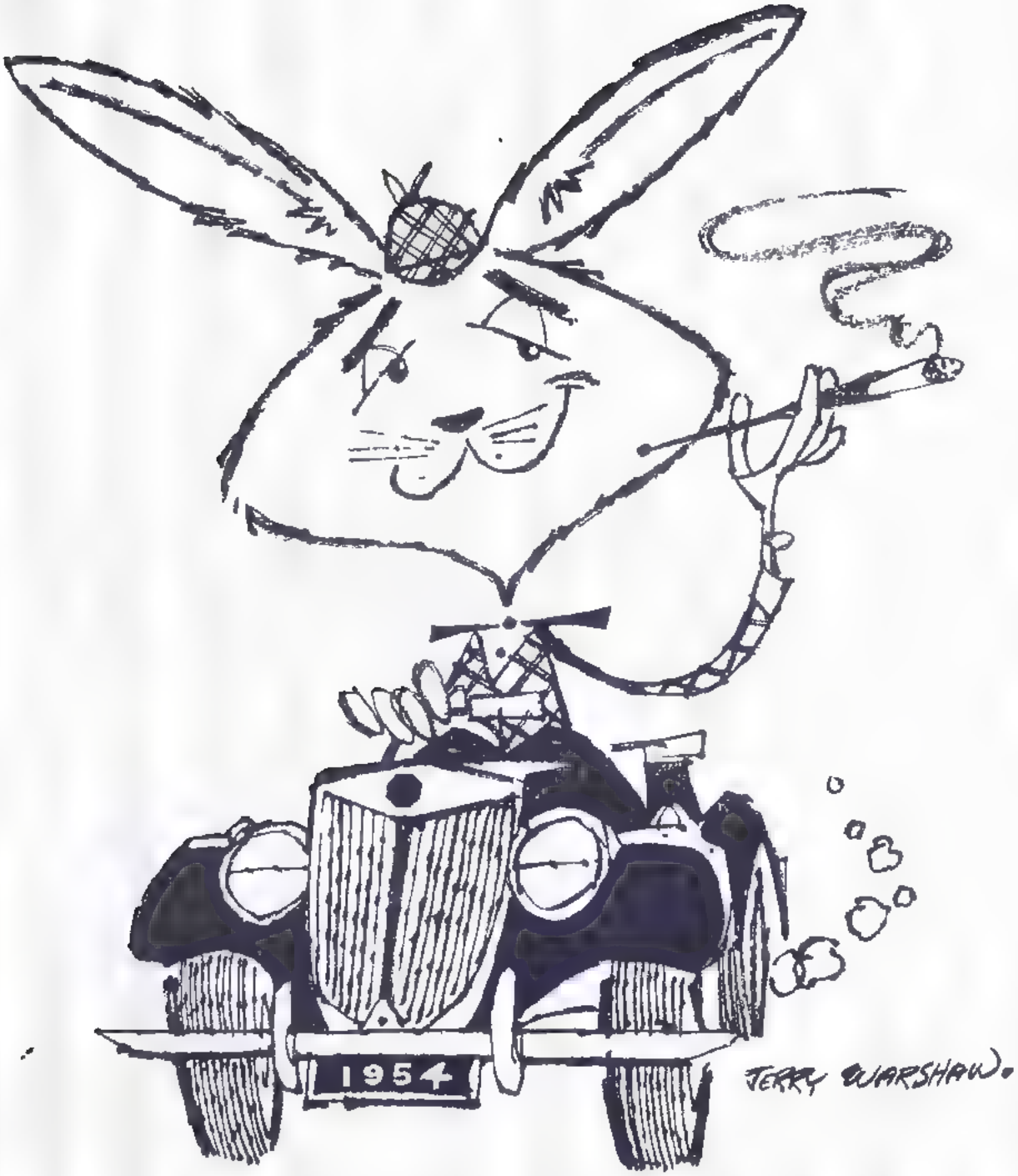
This was Old Tiger's real-gone period. He dazzled the populace with his leopard-skin jackets and pre-Kefauver coonskin hats, building quite a reputation as an eccentric until maturity and Biggie Levin caught up with him. Under the management of Levin, Garroway's sartorial splendor became less splendid and more sober. Now when sponsors get ideas about dressing him up in gimmicky clothes for commercials, they're squelched by a calm head-shake and a firm but friendly "Sorry, Doc: no funny hats."

In April of 1949, the Garroway charm was subjected to the acid test of television. He was asked to preside over a Sunday evening hour of music, dancing and comedy. It worried the usually unruffled Garroway because he wasn't sure his intimate approach would stand up under the hot lights, chalk marks, cables and general pandemonium attendant on a television show. He approached the project with wet palms and a dry throat.

A cymbal crashed in living rooms across the country, and the TV camera moved slowly past an orchestra playing *Sentimental Journey*, to a tall, scholarly-looking fellow with horn-rimmed glasses and a shy, toothy smile, leaning against a bare piece of television equipment. What followed made TV history.

Garroway At Large was an immediate success. It got along without a studio audience, a fat budget, or exhaustive rehearsals. There were skits and songs by a cast of talented young people,

(*continued on page* 24)

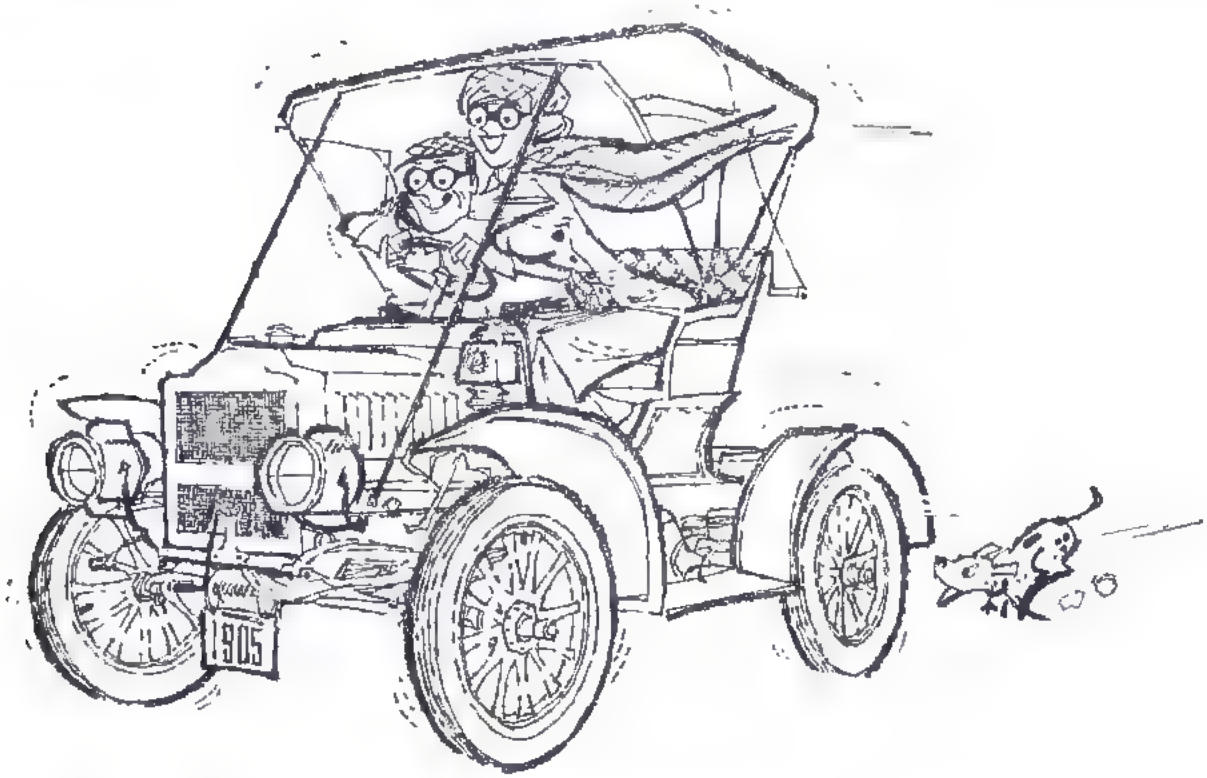


THE MOTORING PLAYBOY *pictorial*

The man-about-town has found it far easier to get about-town since the invention of the horseless carriage. And there is no denying, *sparking* was simplified with the introduction of the spark plug, because a girl just wouldn't believe a horse had run out of hay. Here, then, is PLAYBOY's salute to the automobile industry: a portfolio of ink-blot prints by Jerry Warshaw depicting the progress of playboy behind the wheel.

1896 FORD

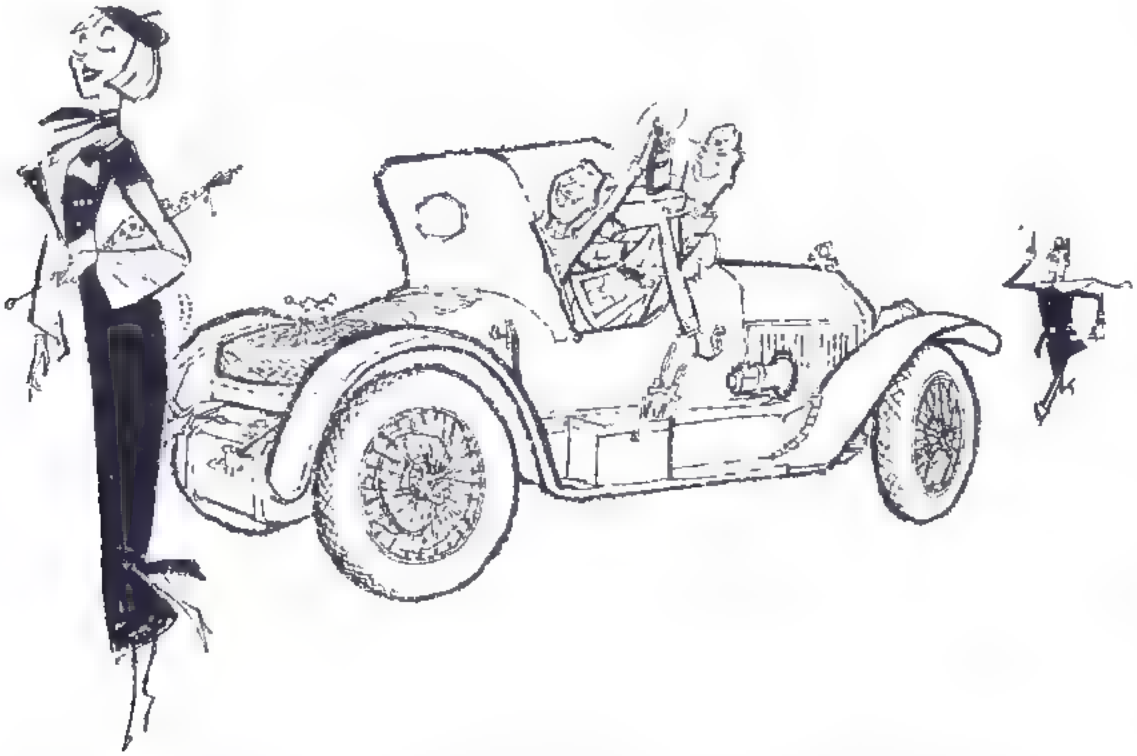
The horse-and buggy dandy took a back seat in the romance department when the motoring playboy appeared on the scene in Henry Ford's new auto-buggy.



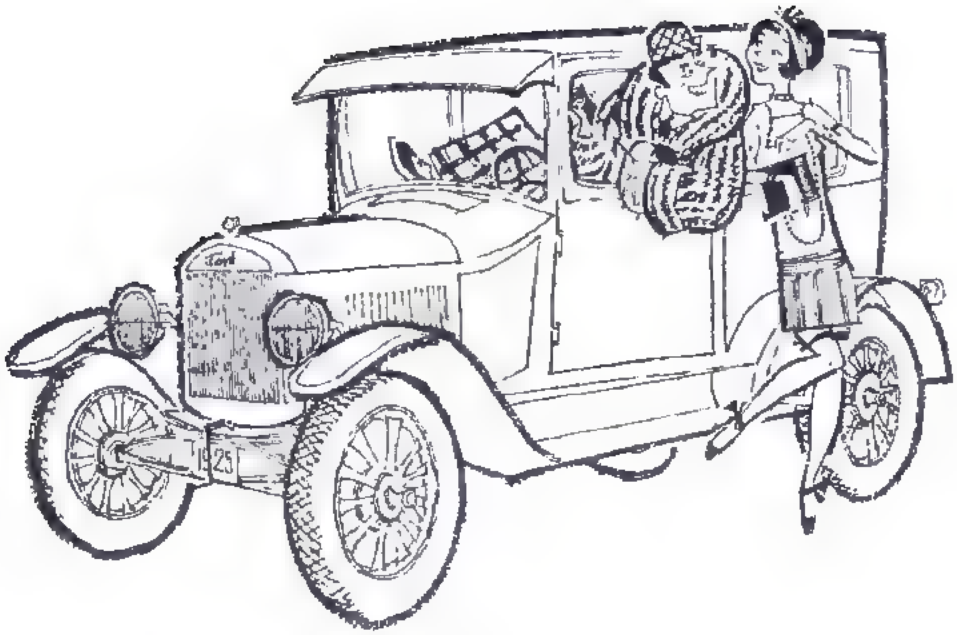
1905 MAXWELL

Jack Benny had just turned 39 when John Maxwell and Ben Briscoe introduced this Model L runabout. Speed crazy playboys often hit 25 m. p. h.

1910 STANLEY STEAMER The nation was arguing the merits of steam vs. internal combustion engines, while many a playboy was making his own steam in Stanley's famous Steamer.

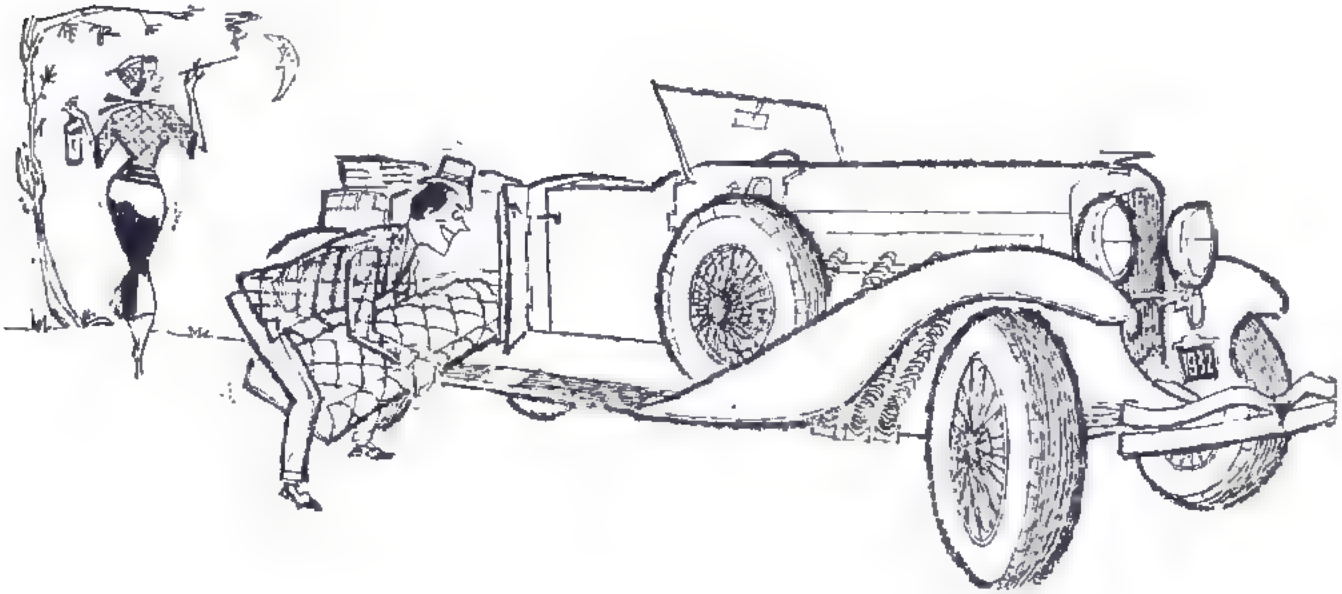


1919 STUTZ BEARCAT By the end of World War I cars were taking on a modern look and Air Corps playboys were doing their ground loops around Gay Parce in the Stutz Bearcat.



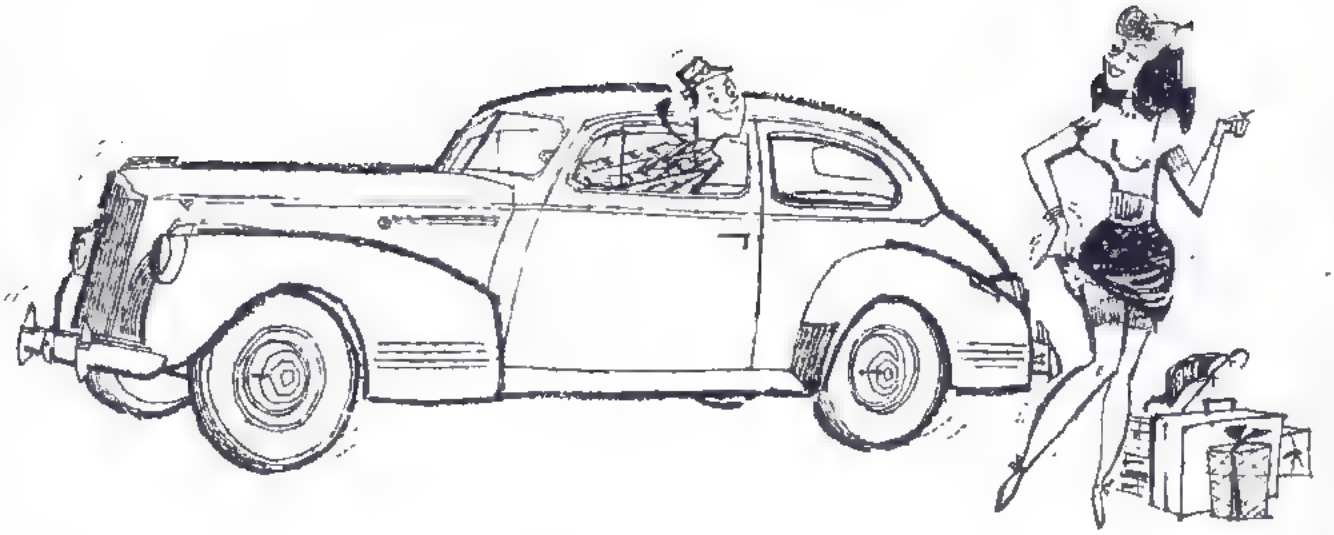
1925 FORD

Henry was producing 9,000 Model T's a day in '25 and on college campuses throughout the country, playboys were attempting to make it all worth while

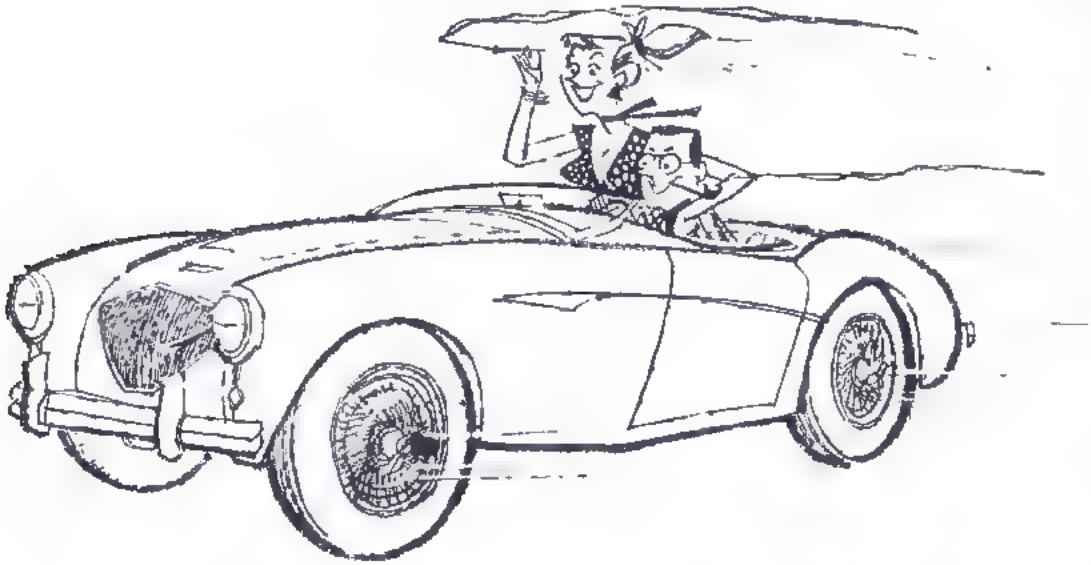


1932 DUESENBERG

Despite the depression playboys who'd stayed away from high windows on Black Friday were able to enjoy the many special features of the 1932 Dusenberg.



1941 PACKARD The Second World War temporarily took the playboy's mind off automobiles and such, and the designs of '40 and '41 stayed around for half a decade



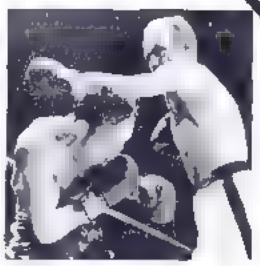
1954 AUSTIN-HEALEY In the fifties the playboy was really living again zipping cross country at 100-plus in low-slung foreign jobs like the Jaguar, Porsche and Austin Healey.

"In the book, they were like this."

BY JAY ARNOLD

sports

BOXING ON THE ROPES



TELEVISION AND THE IBC MAY PUT THE FIGHT GAME DOWN FOR THE COUNT

THIS YEAR FIGLTHOM staged its most fascinating, frightening spectacle — the spectacle of a man beating his own brains out. U. S. boxing may stand in the center of the ring, like a champion among sports, but if you look too closely, you'll see the champ is almost out on his feet.

U. S. boxing has never been more popular. Millions of fans tune in the fights four nights every week on television. Coast-to-coast networks carry the cards into every corner of the country. But it is television that is slugging the bejeezus out of boxing, with a big assist from the IBC.

The IBC, in case you didn't know, is the International Boxing Club, better known in some quarters as *Octopus Incorporated*. The IBC controls all the important boxing in the country, because the IBC stages all the bouts that appear on TV.

To understand what's killing boxing, you've got to first understand what keeps it alive. As baseball relies on the minors, boxing needs the local fight clubs. There was a time in earlier, less organized days, when an independent manager could spot a likely looking young scrapper, bring him up through a series of club fights around the country, and if the kid really had something, the two of them could take a crack at the title. No more.

To begin with, most of the small clubs are either out of business or going out. The fans who used to support them now watch boxing in the comfort of their own homes or at the local bar. And even if a manager could bring up a good boy, there's no incentive in it, because nobody fights big-time without an OK from the IBC, and the IBC only says OK to the favored few.

It's rumored that Joe Louis got a hunk of IBC stock for selecting Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe Walcott as the contenders to fight for his vacated heavyweight title. The IBC might have gone on matching and rematching these two fine fellows forever if a guy named Rocky Marciano hadn't shown up unexpectedly. But before Ike Rock could get a shot at the title, he had to trade in his old manager (a fellow from around his home in Brockton) for a new one. The new manager's name was Al Weill, who just happened to be a New York matchmaker for the International Boxing Club. The old manager went to court to try and get his fighter back. He lost.

With Rocky in the picture, the IBC was able to promote four more matches and rematches with old friends Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe.

This rematching of rematches of rematches is a very popular IBC pastime. Light heavyweights Archie Moore and Joey Maxim have had more return engagements than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The IBC could save boxing if they wanted to. They could put some of their staggering profits back into the local clubs to help bring up worthwhile contenders, and they could offer fights on the basis of merit rather than money. But the IBC is interested in boxing as a show, not a sport. They're more concerned with a fighter's Nielsen Rating than his ability. Chuck Davey is a near perfect example.

Chuck was an amateur welterweight at Michigan State when he was spotted by IBC publicity man, Tom King. Chuck was a natural: good looking, a college kid, and a fair boxer. We won't suggest that the build-up wasn't legitimate, though there are some who wonder aloud about a fighter who k.o.'d all kinds of opposition while being readied for a championship match, and couldn't punch his way out of a soggy sack afterward (or even beat his own sparring partner). At any rate, even his most ardent supporters will concede that Davey's opponents were carefully chosen, and that when he finally wound up in the ring with champion Kid Gavilan, it suddenly became horribly apparent that he didn't belong there at all. What followed was very, very messy.

Some fans point to champions Rocky Marciano, Bobo Olson and Kid Gavilan, and argue that no sport can be in bad shape with men like them at the top. But they are all the products of local club fights. Bobo fought 58 bouts over eight years, most of them in small clubs in San Francisco and Honolulu before he won the middleweight championship. Kid Gavilan was in nearly 100 club fights before he took the welterweight title. Rocky Marciano, too, learned to fight in the minor leagues of boxing.

Boxing was made a great sport in this country by scrappers like Jimmy McLarnin, Tony Zale, Jack Dempsey, Barney Ross, Sugar Robinson, Tony Canzoneri, Mickey Walker. All of

(*continued on page* 47)

PERSISTENT NUDE *(continued from page 7)*

It stood on a table in his room. He decided to paint the garden as an actual landscape!

He set to work immediately. First he sketched the garden—a tiny tree, a fragile pagoda, and a ring of flower bushes surrounding a placid glass pond.

Late Sunday afternoon—two days later—as he laid on the green and blue pigment to represent the part of the tree in shadow, something took hold of his preoccupied state of mind. It mixed white, pink, and other colors in a vivid combination that glowed with sensual youth and abandon, and he dreamily transferred the oils to the canvas, where they took on the characteristics of a young (and shapely) female leg.

The leg appeared to be a right leg. It lay stretched out, bent seductively at the knee with the foot placed languorously on the grass by the pond. Whom the leg belonged to was a question since it disappeared behind a shrub just at the point where the thigh began to swell into a hip. A fraction more and the result would have been catastrophic.

Only when the leg was thoroughly painted in did Mr. Augustus become aware of what he had done. His brush fell out of his hand as he stared at the leg. It didn't belong there at all. He hastily pulled the shades.

The leg stayed there, its owner hidden behind the white-blossomed bush. It seemed to be sleeping—or waiting.

Although Mr. Augustus still was not sure that he had done it, he made no effort to paint out the intruder. Instead he threw on his coat and clapped on his hat. From the door he took back once more. It was impossible to see the picture from that angle. He locked his door with fumbling hands and ran to the elevator.

He went to a diner instead of the Tea Room. He ordered scrambled eggs and black coffee. But when the eggs came he found he had no appetite. As for the coffee, it was *too* black and too strong. He put his coat on once more and went across the street to an Italian restaurant, where he ordered a glass of sherry, and drank it down. By the time he got back to the hotel, he felt a little tipsy and he smiled awkwardly to himself.

He closed the door and walked over to the canvas. Nothing had changed. The tree was there, the bush, the pond, *and* the leg.

Mr. Augustus thought it a good idea to go to bed at once. The wine had made him lightheaded and besides he felt chilled. He needed a good rest, he was sure.

In the morning the alarm went off. He reached, his eyes closed tightly, and turned it off. He brewed his morning coffee and dressed, keeping his eyes half shut. But as he was going out he sneaked a peek. Something flesh-colored peeked back at him from the canvas. He threw a cloth over it and ran out.

It was all he could do to keep in his excitement until the end of the day. Once the bank closed, he hurried through the emptying streets and into the jammed subway.

Once more in his room, he slowly crossed to the canvas. The past twenty-four hours had had all the qualities of a dream, so that when he raised the cloth he was prepared for what he saw.

The leg was gone.

He was right then. It had been a combination of his imagination, the season and the sherry. He told himself he was glad. Yet—at the bottom of his mind—he felt a disappointment. He wished he had painted in the leg. He would like to have seen it once more before he painted it out.

Something like the shattering of a tiny globe of glass imposed itself on the room. It came again. It wasn't a shattering. It was more a laugh.

Mr. Augustus made a slow surveyal of the room from the one spot as if he were on a turntable. His eyes passed over the real miniature garden and then came back. He grabbed for the table to steady himself. *There in the miniature garden was a miniature leg extended from behind a miniature shrub.*

He looked back at the picture to make sure. The leg was gone. He looked back at the garden. The leg was there.

As he watched, it slowly withdrew itself behind the curtain of the bush and someone stood up, her head peering over the greenery. She had long silken blonde hair and features so small and delicate he could not make them out. She stepped into view.

She was little, but she was not a child. She was about as high as his thumb and she had no clothes on at all.

Mr. Augustus gulped. "Who—who are you?" he asked. "How did you get in here?"

Again there was the tinkling sound as the little creature laughed. She was not embarrassed. She made no attempt to hide her nakedness. In fact she paraded it rather saucily. He saw she was phrasing words, but she was so small only the merest of sounds came out, like a pen scratching on parchment.

Gingerly, he reached over and picked her up. She twined herself about his fingers and looked up at him, laughing again. Mr. Augustus dropped her on the bed as if he had been touched by a charge of electricity. For a minute she lay still, her breath gone. He could hear the soft hiss as her chest contracted and expanded.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "I'm so sorry." He leaned over to touch her reassuringly but he quickly drew back his hand when he realized there was no place he could touch her where it was not improper. The girl looked up as she began to breathe normally and once more she laughed.

There had never been a circumstance like this in Mr. Augustus' life. He pulled a chair over to the bed and sat looking down at the tiny girl. She in turn rolled over on her stomach, cocked her chin in one hand, and lay looking up at him.

Mr. Augustus found it disconcerting to be examined by a pixie or a whatchamacallit — and a nude, female one at that! By all rights, he knew, there were no such things and however this thing had managed to take herself from the painting and put herself into fact didn't matter—an explanation would be unbelievable. He only wished she were one of two things. Large enough to talk to, or gone.

Mr. Augustus felt his mind reeling. Suddenly he grabbed her by the waist and thrust her into the top drawer of his bureau among his cuff links and handkerchiefs. He pushed the drawer shut and turned his back on it, breathing unevenly.

To tell someone about the girl or even to show her to them was to run the risk of being judged a lunatic or causing a general hysteria. There was no way of getting rid of her short of murder and that was out of the question. He found it hard enough to swat a fly.

Murder! Mr. Augustus whirled and pulled open the drawer. He expected to see the girl's limp body lying on the newspaper on the bottom of the drawer, suffocated.

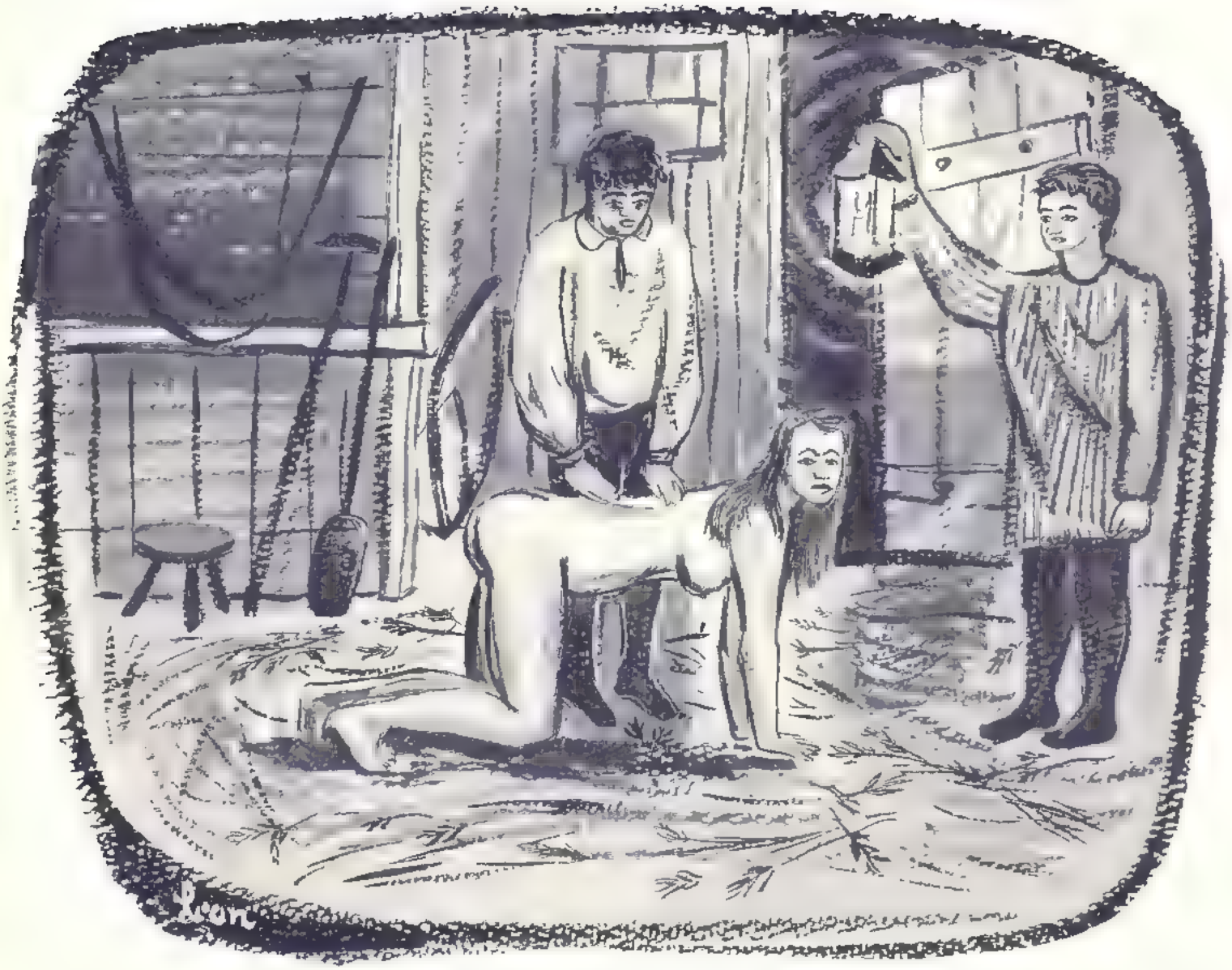
She was leaning on the cuff link box, smiling, and when he looked down, she winked at him. Then she did a tiny bump and grind. Mr. Augustus closed the drawer.

He was pensive. It was obvious the fairy, the sprite, the whatever, was real. He had *willed* her into being. It was up to him, therefore, to see that something was done about her. The Metropolitan Museum might be interested in her or perhaps the research department of one of the city colleges. He would have to run the risk of consequences. If he had something rare, it was his duty to share it.

He opened the drawer and tied a handkerchief around the little crea-

(continued on page 38)

"And while we're there, I don't want to catch you eyeing any of those naked dancing girls!"



Gianni stroked Gemmata's body and chanted the magic incantation.

RIBALD CLASSICS *fiction*

A new translation of one of the choicest stories from Boccaccio's Decameron.

THE MAKING OF A MARE

A PENNILESS PROFESSOR named Gianni slept in the barn of his farmer friend, Pietro, because he had no money to spend on lodgings. His only possession was an aged donkey which he rode to school.

Gianni often yearned for worldly things. In particular, he hungered for a buxom, golden-skinned wench with whom to spend his nights.

Such a wench was Pietro's pretty wife, Gemmata, who helped her husband by pulling the plow. One day, in the course of conversation, she remarked to Gianni, "You must grow weary of sleeping in the barn every night, with no companion but an old donkey."

Gianni sensed his opportunity and quickly replied, "Oh, no, Signora. We scholars know many magical charms, and each night I change my donkey into a fair and luscious damsel. Then, after a night of the greatest pleasure, I change her back into a donkey and ride to school."

Gemmata was lovely but stupid. She believed his fantastic story and — as Gianni had hoped — ran to tell her husband of this wonder. Pietro, as stupid as she, also believed it.

Gemmata said, "Pietro, if Gianni could change me into a mare every morning I could pull the plow much more easily. Then, at the end of the day, he could change me back into a woman."

Pietro thought it an excellent idea, and he went straight to Gianni. The scholar pretended to be hesitant, reluctant to reveal his magical secrets. At last, however, he said, "Very well, Pietro. Since you are my friend, I will do this thing for you, although it is the most difficult magic in the world. Especially the tail — that is very hard to manage, and very strange to see. But come — lead me into your house and I will do it."

The first thing Gianni did was order Gemmata to strip herself completely naked and get down on her hands and knees. Then he spoke solemnly to Pietro. "My friend," he said, "your eyes will behold strange things here tonight, but whatsoever you may see, however odd it may appear, *do not speak* or the spell will be broken and may nevermore be worked. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Gianni!" said Pietro. "Not a word."

The professor then touched Gemmata's head and chanted, "May this be the head of the mare." Touching her arms, he chanted, "May these be the forelegs of the mare." Drawing his hand across her ripe breasts, he chanted, "May this be the chest of the mare." Thus he continued, touching Gemmata's back, her belly, her buttocks, her thighs.

By this time, Gianni was burning with desire. His voice rose to a mighty roar as he touched a part not of Gemmata's body, but of his own, crying, "May *this* be the tail of the mare!" And with these words, the tail was attached.

Pietro gasped with amazement and Gemmata with delight. After a few moments, the dull-witted husband said, "If I did not know you were casting a spell, friend Gianni, I would swear you were taking pleasure of my wife."

Gianni, his goal achieved, stood up and said sharply, "Did I not warn you to be silent, Pietro? You have spoiled everything by speaking. The spell is broken and will never work again. Look — your wife is still a woman." To Gemmata, who was still on all fours, he said, "You may arise, Signora."

Pietro, angry with himself for having broken the spell, grumbled for many days. But Gianni and Gemmata were well content with the outcome.

"The bartender's my husband."

BROTHER BOOZERS

Friend Vipper considers a few familiar barroom faces, including the Liquored Lothario, the Belligerent Bartender, and the Melancholy Morning-after.

"Careful . . . my husband is having me watched."

"Normally, mind you, I have sales resistance like a mule, but . . ."

"Yes, John had a head like a balloon this morning, but I fixed up the ice pack, and he really got rid of it in a jiffy."

"See how they ignore me!"

OLD TIGER *(continued from page 10)*

but the distinctive tone of the show was supplied by the man with the specs. The script contained notations like "Garroway talks for five minutes." And Garroway would talk, extemporaneously, on the ruby-polishing industry of Siam or the construction of eleven-foot poles for touching people that you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Camera techniques were ingenious and a great deal of the humor was visual, like the camera moving from a harmonica quartet to Garroway munching an ear of corn, or the time he closed the program by saying, "This show has come to you from Chicago where, unlike Hollywood, one can trust his friends," then turned from the camera to reveal a large knife protruding from his back.

Later, the public became familiar with the uplifted palm and breathy benediction, "Peace," that have become Garroway's sign-off trademark.

With growing national popularity, Mr. G began to cultivate a fondness for foreign sports cars, outfitted in true Garroway style. He upholstered one of his Jaguars in alligator skin, then finished it in Nankeen cream, covered its rocker arms with gold paint and inlaid its trunk with mahogany. By this time, of course, he was making enough money to pay others to do these things for him, and his friends thought him a little odd because he did most of them himself. But Garroway didn't look at it that way, and explained, "A garage mechanic puts in a hard day's work and then goes home and turns on his TV set. I spend the day in a TV studio and then go home and work in my garage. What's the difference?"

Garroway At Large was acclaimed by the critics, and achieved a very special televiewer following, but hidebound sponsors thought the show "too unusual" and withdrew their support. The program coasted along on a sustaining basis for a while, but finally folded. Live television was moving to New York, and so the man most responsible for the relaxed "Chicago School" of TV travelled East.

Garroway had been an important personality in the Windy City, but he was just another fish in the big New York pool. NBC was planning a two-hour morning television show to keep early-risers "in touch with the world." This was to be accomplished through the mediums of transoceanic telephone, telephoto, TV walkie-talkie, teletype, tape recorders, films and records. To coordinate all this mechanical paraphenalia, a human m.c. or "Communicator" was needed. Garroway walked into the thick of it. As he put it later, "They weren't looking for a lean-against-the-ladder, go-to-sleep-standing-up guy like me. They wanted a guy with dynamics." But it was undynamic Garroway who got the job.

So, in 1952, earphones strapped to his head, portable mike slung around his neck, he inaugurated the hodgepodge of news, weather reports, drama, book reviews, music and entertainment features labelled *Today*. Initial reactions to the program were mixed: some thought it was great, others called it "pointless . . . pretentious." But the Garroway manner counteracted the pretentiousness and made the show a favorite with public and sponsors alike.

The one-time NBC page now lives in a penthouse formerly occupied by an NBC vice-president and has a spacious office in Radio City. But when he first arrived from Chicago, the office they gave him was small and gloomy, with barely enough space for his staff. Garroway, however, has his own off beat way of getting what he wants. Warren Kitter, his secretary at the time, recalls how they kept moving into successively larger offices, until they finally had one that filled the bill. Only one item was lacking: suitable chairs. The Garroway gang was doing its best with the straight-backed wooden variety, waiting patiently for the cushioned swivel chairs that had been promised. Garroway decided to do something about it. He called one of the NBC bigwigs and invited him in: "Thought you might like to drop in and see how we're getting along." When the Wheel opened the door, he found Garroway and his crew sitting cross-legged on the floor, calmly discussing the next day's show. Garroway looked up. "Oh, hello there," he grinned. "Won't you join us?" Chuckling in retrospect, Kitter recalls, "We got the chairs."

Today has continued to grow in popularity, and Old Tiger recently added to his chores a two-hour radio show of records, interviews, and Garroway gab called *Sunday With Garroway*.

Entertainers of the old school find Garroway's success a rather bitter pill.

(continued on page 35)

FEMALES BY COLE: 6

The Pro

"WAS MY FACE RED!"

BY JAMES "DR. I. Q." McCLAIN

The good doctor insists all these embarrassing incidents really happened on his famous quiz show. Whether they did or not, they make very enjoyable reading.

IN THE COURSE of sixteen years of broadcasting and telecasting questions and answers on my quiz program, I've run across some rather embarrassing comebacks. Yes, my face has been red several times.

There was the time in Des Moines when I asked a teen-age girl from the local high school to test her ability at fast thinking by giving me a five-second definition of a commonly used word (a good party game, incidentally). But the word I inadvertently picked was "conscience." Her unhesitating reply left little more to be said. Without batting a pretty eyelash she said, "Conscience . . . is the one thing that hurts . . . when everything else . . . feels good!"

In Atlanta we signed off with a red face the night I asked: "Who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen?" The lady contestant in the balcony replied correctly, "George Washington!" But before I could say twenty-nine silver dollars she added a further bit of information: "But Doctor, General Washington wasn't first in everything—he married a widow!" The audience loved it, but all I could say was, "Sorry, our time is up. Goodnight!"

Judging by the number of times I have been ribbed about this comeback, the whole world must have been tuned in the night I asked the sailor to name the noisiest food of all, expecting the answer "soup." The audience roared when he came up fast with "beans!"

Then there was the time in Birmingham when we asked the lovely Southern belle to tell us the difference between the masculine and feminine gender of a Latin noun. The pretty thing was all confused. After repeating the question I became a little impatient. "The difference between the male and the female form of the noun, please!" She struggled with the answer. "Doctuh," she drawled delightfully, "Ah know mah professors crammed that into me every day in biology class, and Ah've got it right on the tip of mah tongue, but Ah jus' cain't spit it out!"

Which should have served as a warning to stay away from any question that might suggest sex. But in Rochester, New York, I goofed again. A distinguished middle aged dowager was horribly embarrassed by my question, "Madam, for twelve silver dollars, what is the most sensitive organ of a man's body? As a hint I'll tell you that this organ is capable of tripling its size in a matter of seconds without artificial stimulants." The lady turned crimson. "I absolutely refuse to answer!" she blubbered "I've never been so humiliated in all my life!" I answered calmly, "Well, I don't know what organ you are thinking of, Madam, but the correct answer is the pupil of the eye."

"This question is extremely difficult," I warned, as the announcer with the portable microphone picked a pretty young housewife, recently married. "It's to test your memory, and I'll let your husband be the judge. But I warn you, it's hard, so think a second before answering. What was the first thing you said to your husband after you were married?"

"Oh, *that* isn't so hard," she said, smiling, but before she could give the answer, her husband spoke up: "Pay her off, Doc. That's what she said!"

In Minneapolis, we asked a cute question of an attractive college girl. "What's the one thing that rabbits have which no other animal ever has?" We expected the answer "baby rabbits." But the coed put a little different twist to it when she answered matter of factly, "each other."

At the Great Lakes Naval Academy, back in 1943, I was conducting a quiz show for a group of new recruits who were taking their basic training. I asked a timid young draftee from Tennessee a question designed to make him squirm before the laughter of his buddies. I said, "Sailor, I wonder if you can tell me the difference between a beautiful blond and a submarine!" He answered ruefully, "Gosh, Doc, I ain't never been on a submarine!"

The other night here in New York on our new television show I was really stopped. I had told the announcer in the audience to pick a typical husband, present with his wife, because the question was designed to get a laugh out of how unobservant the husband would be as to his wife's appearance. I had the husband blindfolded and then asked him, "Now, sir, we want you to show us how observant you are! Will you please describe, as best you can, the lovely lady seated at your left?" He wasted no time. "Well, she has dark hair, a short, cute haircut . . . sort of greenish eyes . . . she weighs around one-twenty-five . . . her measurements are, uh . . ." (he thought a moment) "36-26-34. She's wearing a green knit dress . . . I'm not sure what color shoes she has on, but under the dress she's got on a white slip and a pair of pink lace . . ." I interrupted in what I considered the nick of time.

"Congratulations, sir! You are a *most* observant husband and I'm sure your wife is very proud of you!"

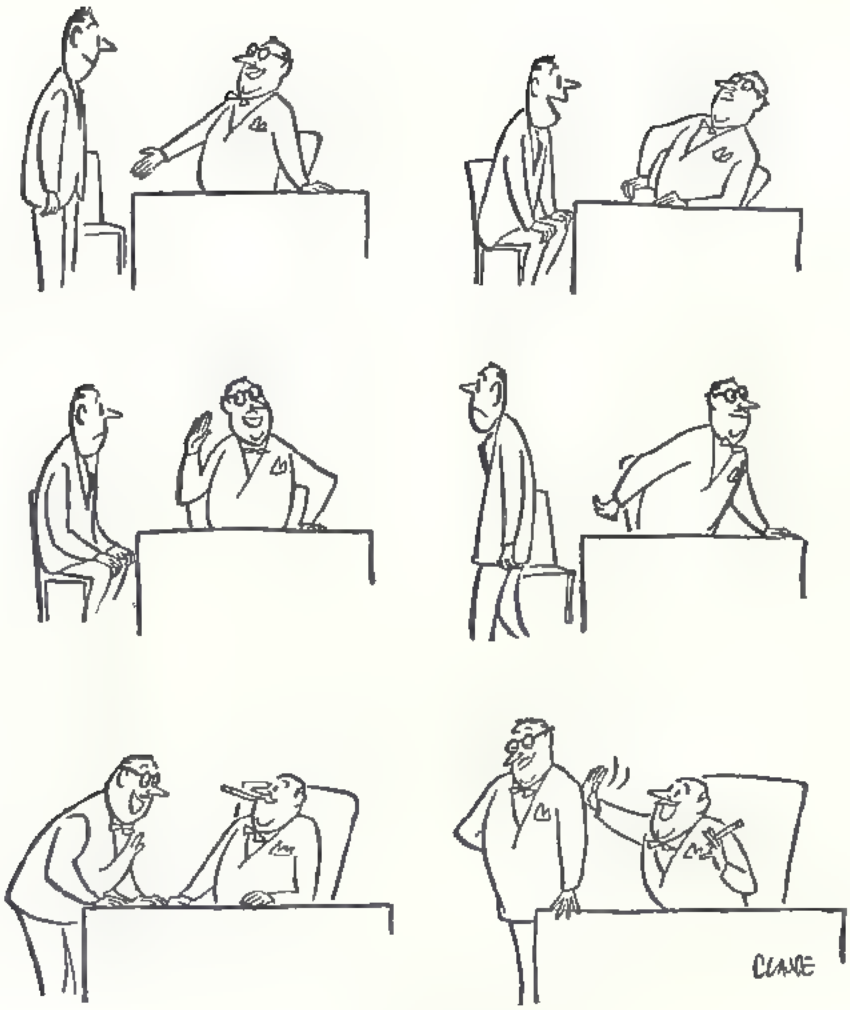
The man grinned.

"Could be," he answered as he pocketed his silver dollars, "but I hope she isn't tuned in on this show tonight!"

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE

OF THE MONTH

satire



. . . take the little worthless notions of others.

THE VERY KEYSTONE of modern business is the Idea. In fact, no greater praise can be given you than to be called An Idea Man.

You may say, "But I've never had an idea in my life!" This may be true, but do not be discouraged! Men like you head many of our nation's greatest businesses.

They have learned that Idea Production is a little trick that can be mastered with very modest mental equipment. They have acquired it over the years, but you can pick it up in the few short seconds it takes to read this article

There are several ways to produce ideas.

1. *Develop Them.* It is your function as a man who has both feet on the ground, to *develop* ideas. This means you will take the little worthless notions of others and add to each of them that important fillip that *makes it work* — and that makes the idea Your Own.

This requires Vision, but if you are made of the right stuff, you should have Vision to spare.

The undeveloped, worthless notions may come from any source. For example, one of your assistants may approach you:

"Uh, I've been working on this for some time, Mr. Finch."

"Good spirit, son."

(Always encourage the little people.)

"Do you think I ought to write it out and send it along to J. B.?"

"Let me be the judge of that, son. Just tell it to me in your own words."

If you decide the notion can be developed, be sympathetic and fatherly.

"Uh, do you think it will work, Mr. Finch?"

"No, no, not as it *stands*, of course not. Worthless. But it might be *developed*. Let me give it some thought, when I have time. Mighty good try, though. Good thinking!"

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

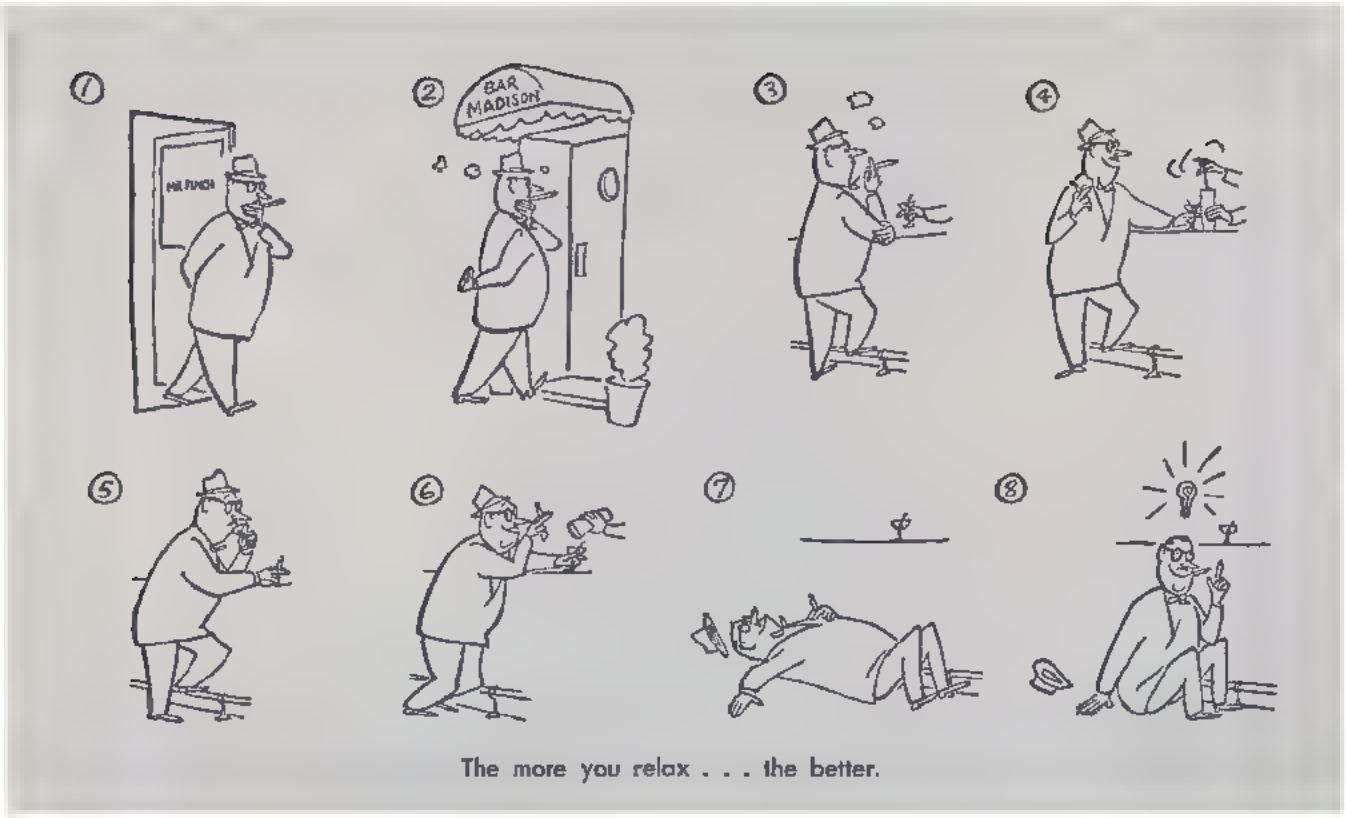
You will often find, then, that the notion needs very little of your magic touch to make it work. Put your stamp on it! Then, if you are successful, and if the management rewards you, *don't forget the little fellow* who started you on the notion. Send him a memo, a nice memo. He will cherish it. Don't be *too* specific, however. Sometimes the little people are ungrateful, and fail to realize the part you have played in putting the thing on the rails, in making it practical. Write something like,

"Your thoughts on the problem I was working on certainly helped. Thanks so much!"

2. *Call a Conference.* If you need something in a hurry, call in all your assistants, associates, or members of your department, if you have one. State the problem. Then tell them:

"Of course I've got the thing almost licked, but I wanted to get some of *your* thoughts on it. Just jot down your surface notions. Take all the time you want, as long as you have them on my desk by two."

(An arbitrary time limit is a good spur to thinking. Thinking — at least



The more you relax . . . the better.

BE AN IDEA MAN!

it is the man with ideas who succeeds in business without really trying

BY SHEPHERD MEAD

on this level—is best done under forced draft.)

Each little notion will no doubt be worthless, but by exercising your own Vision, you may be able to combine or develop them into something that will work, and something which, again, will be truly Your Own.

3. *Use Your Advertising Agency.* If you have kept your agency properly on its toes you may find it of occasional help in producing ideas. Agencies employ people who do nothing but sit around and think up ideas. Use them!

Here again you will have to take their dreamy notions and Whip Them into Shape, stamp them with your own brand. The agency will not mind. In fact, the agency is used to it. They may even try to make you think that an idea that is wholly theirs is yours. Do not be deceived! Fiddle with it. It is your duty to improve everything.

4. *Use Your Subconscious.* When all else fails, you may have to use your own brain—for the original processes, that is.

Remember, your brain is like an iceberg. Only an insignificant part shows above the surface. The rest is submerged. This submerged part is your subconscious mind, and wise indeed is the businessman who makes his subconscious work for him.

Simply feed the facts to your subconscious and then relax. The more you relax, the better. Forget the problem. The answer will come to you. Sometimes it will come while you are shaving, or while you're sinking a putt. But it will come!

For example, let us say you have assembled a set of facts carefully, sparing no effort. Then as your high-caliber subconscious goes to work on them, strange things can happen.

"Oh, uh, Mr. Finch, you know all those figures and things I spent the last few nights getting up for you?"

"Yes, son?"

"Well, it just happened to occur to me that a solution might be simply to give the wickets a left-hand thread."

"Amazing, isn't it! I knew it would come to me!"

"Uh, beg pardon, sir?"

"Ways of the subconscious are mighty strange, aren't they, son? Thanks for reminding me."

You will have many other manifestations of the true power of your subconscious, able as it is to come to incredible solutions and even to implant them in other and lesser minds. It is difficult to explain this power to others, and many feel it is best not to try.

"It just came to me, Mr. Biggley. There I was, sitting in my office and it just came to me."

"Magnificent, Finch, really magnificent!"

Make it clear however, that the Idea Man is always working. You may not *look* as though you are working. To the untrained eye you may be drinking a Martini, or improving relations with the secretarial staff, but the big wheels are turning in your subconscious, the real work is going on in the great sunken iceberg of your mind the source of your true power.

FROM HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING COPYRIGHT 1952 BY SHEPHERD MEAD. PUBLISHED BY SIMON & SCHUSTER.

vic's wife sat on that step, fooling with the stranger, and the stranger kept fooling with that big knife

by ERSKINE CALDWELL

AUGUST AFTERNOON

VIC GLOVER awoke with the noon-day heat ringing in his ears. He had been asleep for only half an hour, and he was getting ready to turn over and go back to sleep when he opened his eyes for a moment and saw Hubert's woolly black head over the top of his bare toes. He stretched his eyelids and held them open in the glaring light as long as he could.

Hubert was standing in the yard, at the edge of the porch, with a pine cone in his hand.

Vic cursed him.

The colored man once more raked the cone over Vic's bare toes, tickling them on the under-side, and stepped back out of reach.

"What do you mean by standing there tickling me with that dad burned cone?" Vic shouted at Hubert. "Is that all you can find to do? Why don't you get out in that field and do something to them boll weevils? They're going to eat up every boll of cotton on the place if you don't stop them."

"I surely hated to wake you up, Mr. Vic," Hubert said, "but there's a white man out here looking for something. He won't say what he's looking for but he's hanging around for it."

Vic sat up wide awake. He sat up on the quilt and pulled on his shoes without looking into the yard. The white sand in the yard beat the glare of the sun directly into his eyes and he could see nothing beyond the edge of the porch. Hubert threw the pine cone under the porch and stepped aside.

"He must be looking for trouble," Vic said. "When they come around and don't say anything, and just sit and look, it's trouble they're looking for."

"There he is, Mr. Vic," Hubert said, nodding his head across the yard. "There he sits up against that water oak tree yonder."

Vic looked around for Willie. Willie was sitting on the top step at the other end of the porch, directly in front of the strange white man. She did not look at Vic.

"You ought to have better sense than to wake me up while I'm taking a nap. This is no time of day to be up in the summertime. I've got to get a little sleep every now and then."

"Boss," Hubert said, "I wouldn't never wake you up at all, not at any time, but Miss Willie just sits there high up on the steps showing her pretty and that white man has been out there whittling on a little stick a long time saying nothing. I'm scared about something happening when he whittles that little stick clear through, and it's just about whittled down to nothing now. That's why I waked you up, Mr. Vic. Ain't much left of that little whittling-stick."

Vic glanced again at Willie, and from her he turned to stare at the stranger sitting under the wateroak tree in his front yard.

The piece of wood had been shaved down to paper thinness.

"Boss," Hubert said, shifting the weight of his body uneasily, "we ain't aiming to have no trouble today, is we?"

"Which way did he come from?" Vic asked, ignoring the question.

"I never did see him come from nowhere, Mr. Vic. I just looked up, and there he was, sitting against that water oak out yonder and whittling on that little stick. I reckon I must have been drowsy when he came, because when I opened my eyes, there he was."

Vic slid down over the quilt until his legs were hanging over the edge of the porch. Perspiration began to trickle down his neck as soon as he sat up.

"Ask him what he's after, Hubert."

"We ain't aiming to have no trouble

"Boss," Hubert said, shaking, "we ain't aiming to have no trouble today, is we?"

today, is we, Mr. Vic?"

"Ask him what he wants around here, I said."

Hubert went almost half way to the wateroak tree and stopped.

"Mr. Vic says what can he do for you, white-folks?"

The man said nothing. He did not even glance up from the little stick he was whittling.

Hubert came back to the porch, the whites of his eyes becoming larger with each step.

"What did he say?" Vic asked him.

"He ain't said nothing yet, Mr. Vic. He acts like he don't hear me at all. You'd better go talk to him, Mr. Vic. He won't give me no attention. Appears to me like he's just sitting there and looking at Miss Willie on the high step. Maybe if you was to tell her to go in the house and shut the door, he might be persuaded to give some notice to what we say to him."

"Ain't no sense in sending her in the house," Vic said. "I can make him talk. Hand me that stilyerd."

"Mr. Vic, I'm trying to tell you about Miss Willie. Miss Willie's been sitting there on that high step showing her pretty and he's been looking at her a right long time, Mr. Vic. If you won't object to me saying so, Mr. Vic, I reckon I'd tell Miss Willie to go sit somewhere else, if I was you. Miss Willie ain't got much on today, Mr. Vic. Just only that skimpy outside dress, Mr. Vic. That's what I've been trying to tell you. I walked out there in the yard this while ago to see what he was looking at so much, and when I say Miss Willie ain't got much on today, I mean she's got on just only that skimpy outside dress, Mr. Vic. You can go look yourself and see if I'm lying to you, Mr. Vic."

"Hand me that stilyerd, I said."

Hubert went to the end of the porch and brought the heavy iron cotton-weighing steelyard to Vic. He stepped back out of the way.

"Boss," Hubert said, "we ain't aiming to have no trouble today, is we?"

Vic was getting ready to jump down into the yard when the man under the wateroak reached into his pocket and pulled out another knife. It was about ten or eleven inches long and both sides of the handle were covered with hairy cowhide. There was a spring-button in one end. The man pushed the button with his thumb, and the blade sprang from the case. He began playing with both knives, throwing them up into the air and catching them on the backs of his hands.

Hubert moved to the other side of Vic.

"Mr. Vic," he said, "I ain't intending to mess in your business none, but it looks to me like you got yourself in for a peck of trouble when you went off and brought Miss Willie back here. It looks to me like she's got up for a city girl, more so than a country girl."

Vic cursed him.

"I'm telling you, Mr. Vic, you ought to marry yourself a wife who hadn't ought to sit on a high step in front of a stranger not even when she's wearing something more than just only a skimpy outside dress. I walked out there and looked at Miss Willie, and, Mr. Vic, Miss Willie is as bare as a plucked chicken, except for one little place I saw."

"Shut up," Vic said, laying the steelyard down on the quilt beside him.

The man under the wateroak closed the blade of the small knife and put it into his pocket. The big, hairy, cowhide-covered knife he flipped into the air and caught easily on the back of his hand.

"Mr. Vic," Hubert said, "You've been asleep all the time and you don't know like I do. Miss Willie has been sitting there on that high step showing off her pretty a long time now. I know, Mr. Vic, because I went out there myself and looked."

Vic cursed him.

The man in the yard flipped the knife into the air and caught it behind his back.

"What's your name?" he asked Willie.

"Willie."

He flipped the knife again.

"What's yours?" she asked him, giggling.

"Floyd."

"Where are you from?"

"Carolina."

He flipped it higher than ever, catching it underhanded.

"What are you doing in Georgia?"

"Don't know," he said, "Just looking around."

Willie giggled, smiling at him.

Floyd got up and walked across the yard to the steps and sat down on the bottom one. He put his arms around his knees and looked up at Willie.

"You're not so bad-looking," he said. "I've seen lots worse looking."

"You're not so bad yourself," Willie giggled, resting her arms on her knees and looking down at him.

"How about a kiss?"

"What would it be to you?"

"Not bad. I reckon I've had lots worse."

"Well, you can't get it sitting down there."

Floyd climbed the steps on his hands and feet and sat down on the next to the top step. He leaned against Willie, putting one arm around her waist and the other under her knees. Willie slid down the step beside him. Floyd pulled her to him, making a sucking-sound with his lips.

"Boss," Hubert said, his lips twitching, "we ain't aiming to have no trouble today, is we?"

Vic cursed him.

Willie and Floyd moved down a step without loosening their embrace.

"Who is that yellow-headed sap-sucker, anyhow?" Vic said. "I'll be dad-burned if he ain't got a lot of nerve—coming here and fooling with Willie."

"You wouldn't do nothing to cause trouble, would you, Mr. Vic? I surely don't want to have no trouble, today, Mr. Vic."

Vic glanced at the eleven-inch knife Floyd had stuck into the step at his feet. It stood on its tip twenty-two inches high, while the sun was reflected against the bright blade and made a streak of light on Floyd's pant leg.

"Go over there and take that knife away from him and bring it to me," Vic said. "Don't be scared of him."

"Mr. Vic, I surely hate to disappoint you, but if you want that white folk's knife, you'll just have to get it your own self. I don't aim to have myself all carved up with that thing. Mr. Vic, I surely can't accommodate you this time. If you want that white-folk's knife, you'll just be bound to get it your own self, Mr. Vic."

Vic cursed him.

Hubert backed away until he was at the end of the porch. He kept looking behind him all the time, looking to be certain of the exact location of the sycamore stump that was between him and the pine grove on the other side of the cotton field.

Vic called to Hubert and told him to come back. Hubert came slowly around the corner of the porch and stood a few feet from the quilt where Vic was sitting. His lips quivered and the whites of his eyes grew larger. Vic motioned for him to come closer, but he would not come an inch farther.

"How old are you?" Floyd asked Willie.

"Fifteen."

Floyd jerked the knife out of the wood and thrust it deeper in the same place.

"How old are you?" she asked him.

"About twenty-seven."

"Are you married?"

"Not now," he said. "How long have you been?"

"About three months," Willie said.

"How do you like it?"

"Pretty good so far."

"How about another kiss?"

"You've just had one."

"I'd like another one now."

"I ought not to let you kiss me again."

"Why not?"

"Men don't like girls who kiss too much."

"I'm not that kind."

"What kind are you?"

"I'd like to kiss you a lot."

"But after I let you do that, you'd go away."

"No, I won't. I'll stay for something else."

"What?"

"To get the rest of you."

"You might hurt me."

(continued on page 35)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The rape of the Sabine women by the Romans is a famous historical incident, but our research department has uncovered a hitherto unrevealed story.

It seems that Trebonius, the tallest, strongest, handsomest soldier in the Roman legions broke into a house where he found two luscious, sloe-eyed sisters and their elderly nurse. Chuckling with glee, he roared, "Prepare thyselves for conquest, my pretties!"

The lovely girls fell to their knees and pleaded with him "Ravish us if thou wilt, o Roman, but spare our faithful old nurse."

"Shut thy mouth," snapped the nurse. "War is war!"

Last summer a friend of ours vacationed at a popular resort where he met a young and charming girl. She prided herself on being a good sport and demonstrated this by enjoying just about everything with our friend — dining, dancing, swimming, tennis, horseback riding, motoring — just about everything, in short, except that special enjoyment he was really interested in.

"Oh, come on," he entreated, "you're always saying what a good sport you are. Why draw the line at this?" Appealing to her sense of good sportsmanship finally turned the trick, and the last evening of their vacation was the most enjoyable of all.

Back on the job, our friend had almost forgotten the incident when, just a week ago, the phone rang.

"Do you know who this is?" a sweet, feminine voice asked.

He didn't, of course.

"The girl from the lake this summer," she said. "The good sport."

She said she had something important to tell him and wanted to meet him for a drink after work. Remembering the pleasant interlude at the end of their vacation, he made a date for that very evening.

Over Manhattans, the girl confided that she was in a family way and asked him what he was going to do about it.

Our friend was understandably unnerved.

"I — I don't know what I *can* do," he said, gulping down his drink. "This summer was just for laughs. I'm engaged to be married to another girl. The question is, what are *you* going to do about it?"

"Well," she said, almost in tears, "I suppose I could kill myself!"

"Gee!" He breathed a sigh of relief. "You *are* a good sport!"

Then there was the playboy who suddenly decided to live a strictly moral life. First, he cut out smoking. Then he cut out liquor. Then he cut out swearing. Then he cut out women.

Now he's cutting out paper dolls.

Two small mice were crouched under a table in the chorus girls' dressing room of a big Broadway show

"Wow," exclaimed the first mouse, "have you ever seen so many gorgeous legs in your life?"

"Means nothing to me," said the second. "I'm a titmouse."

The Olympic swimming champ got married to a beautiful girl and, on their honeymoon, treated her to an exhibition of his swimming prowess. He leaped into the hotel pool, cleaved the water with expert strokes, and came up on the opposite side in a matter of seconds. His proud smile faded slightly when his lovely wife dived in and repeated his feat in half the time.

But, masking his bruised ego, he took her in his arms and exclaimed, "Darling, you're wonderful! Why didn't you tell me you were a swimming champion too?"

"I'm not," she replied. "I was a street-walker in Venice."

"Now it's my turn, Mr. Bullfinch. Let me feel your wallet!"

AUGUST AFTERNOON

(*continued from page 32*)

"It won't hurt."

"It might."

"Let's go inside for a drink and I'll show you."

"We'll have to go to the spring for fresh water."

"Where's the spring?"

"Just across the field in the grove."

"All right," Floyd said, standing up. "Let's go."

He bent down and pulled the knife out of the wood. Willie ran down the steps and across the yard. When Floyd saw that she was not going to wait for him, he ran after her, holding the knives in his pocket with one hand. She led him across the cotton field to the spring in the pine grove. Just before they got there, Floyd caught her by the arm and ran beside her the rest of the way.

"Boss," Hubert said, his voice trembling, "we ain't aiming to have no trouble today, is we?"

Vic cursed him.

"I don't want to get messed up with a heap of trouble and maybe get my belly slit open with that big hairy knife. If you ain't got objections, I reckon I'll mosey on home now and cut me a little firewood for the cookstove."

"Come back here!" Vic said. "You stay where you are and stop making moves to go off."

"What is we aiming to do, Mr. Vic?"

Vic eased himself off the porch and walked across the yard to the water-oak. He looked down at the ground where Floyd had been sitting, and then he looked at the porch steps where Willie had been. The noonday heat beat down through the thin leaves overhead and he could feel his mouth and throat burn with the hot air he breathed.

"Have you got a gun, Hubert?"

"No sir, boss," Hubert said.

"Why haven't you?" he said. "Right when I need a gun, you haven't got it. Why don't you keep a gun?"

"Mr. Vic, I ain't got no use for a gun. I used to keep one to shoot rabbits and squirrels with, but I got to thinking hard one day, and I traded it off the first chance I had. I reckon it was a good thing I traded, too. If I had kept it, you'd be asking for it like you did just now."

Vic went back to the porch and picked up the steelyard and hammered the porch with it. After he had hit the porch four or five times, he dropped it and started out in the direction of the spring. He walked as far as the edge of the shade and stopped. He stood listening for a while.

Willie and Floyd could be heard down near the spring. Floyd said something to Willie, and Willie laughed loudly. There was silence again for several minutes, and then Willie laughed again. Vic could not tell whether she was crying or laughing. He was getting ready to turn and go back to the porch when he heard her cry out. It sounded like a scream, but it was not exactly that; it sounded like a shriek, but it wasn't that, either, it sounded more like someone laughing and crying simultaneously in a high pitched, excited voice.

"Where did Miss Willie come from, Mr. Vic?" Hubert asked. "Where did you bring her from?"

"Down below here a little way," he said.

Hubert listened to the sounds that were coming from the pine grove.

"Boss," he said after a little while, "it appears to me like you didn't go far enough away."

"I went far enough," Vic said. "If I had gone any farther, I'd have been in Florida."

The colored man hunched his shoulders forward several times while he smoothed the white sand with his broad soled shoes.

"Mr. Vic, if I was you, the next time I'd surely go that far, maybe farther."

"What do you mean, the next time?"

"I was figuring that maybe you wouldn't be keeping her much longer than now, Mr. Vic."

Vic cursed him.

Hubert raised his head several times and attempted to see down into the pinegrove over the top of the growing cotton.

"Shut up and mind your own business," Vic said. "I'm going to keep her till the cows come home. Where else do you reckon I'd find a better looking girl than Willie?"

"Boss, I wasn't thinking of how she looks. I was thinking of how she acts."

"She acts that way because she ain't old enough to know who to fool with. She'll catch on in time."

Hubert followed Vic across the yard. While Vic went towards the porch, Hubert stopped and leaned against the water oak where he could almost see over the cotton field into the pine grove. Vic went up on the porch and stretched out on the quilt. He took off his shoes and flung them aside.

"I surely God knowed something was going to happen when he whittled that stick down to nothing," Hubert was saying to himself. "White-folks take a long time to whittle a little piece of wood, but when they whittle it down to nothing, they're going to be up and doing before the time ain't long."

Presently Vic sat upright on the quilt.

"Listen here, Hubert—"

"Yes, sir, boss."

"You keep your eye on that steelyard so it will stay right where it is now, and when they come back up the path, you wake me up in a hurry."

"Yes, sir, boss," Hubert said. "Are you aiming to take a little nap now?"

"Yes, I am. And if you don't wake me up when they come back, I'll break your neck for you when I do wake up."

Vic lay down again on the quilt and turned over on his side to shut out the blinding glare of the early afternoon sun that was reflected upon the porch from the hard white sand in the yard.

Hubert scratched his head and sat down against the water oak facing the path from the spring. He could hear Vic snoring on the porch above the sounds that came at intervals from the pine grove across the field. He sat staring down the path, drowsy, singing under his breath. It was a long time until sundown.

OLD TIGER

(*continued from page 24*)

The guy just wanders around and seems to say the first thing that pops into his head. Watching him, you get the idea he doesn't care one way or the other if he has an audience or not. He's just taking it easy, doing what he wants to be doing, and if a few million people happen to be looking at him, OK. If they're not, OK too. He doesn't sell, he doesn't push, he doesn't hustle. Even his most ardent admirers would probably admit that Garroway cannot truly be called a talented man, unless the ability to make people like him can be considered a talent. He can't sing (even Godfrey does that, after a fashion), he can't act, he's not particularly handsome, he doesn't play a musical instrument or juggle or do card tricks. He doesn't even crack the usual kind of jokes. What the hell, wonder his envious colleagues, has this man got? *The Christian Science Monitor* has done the most accurate job of pin-pointing the Garroway secret. "He is a stylist," they say. "His style is calculated unpretentiousness."

Others have had more difficulty pigeon-holing the Garroway personality—have, in fact, offered diametrically opposite descriptions. *Time* Magazine has called him an extrovert; *Newsweek*, an introvert.

We offer the suggestion that he is a shrewd but bashful extrovert, and wish him a liberal share of his favorite commodity, *peace*.

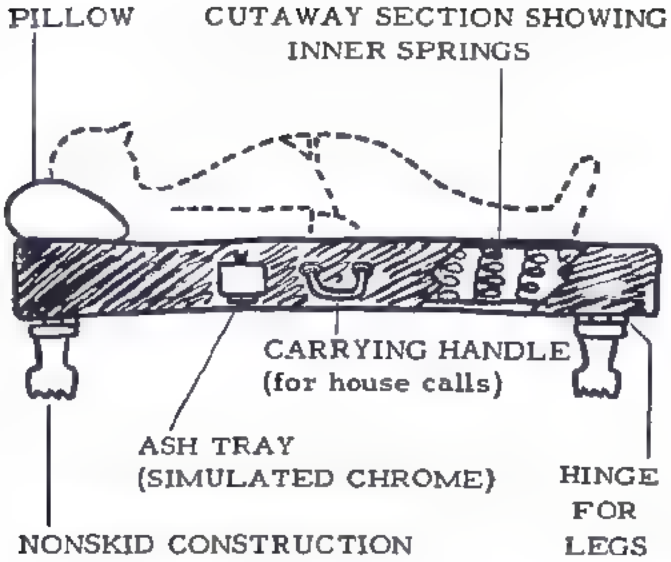


FIGURE 1 Couch (side elevation)

THE TREATING OF MENTAL ILLNESS

TREATING a person for a mental aberration in this day and age is like giving a drowning man artificial respiration without taking him out of the lake. Things have become too confused. Treatment is not my answer. (I have received several badly written letters from a Dr. Carl Gassoway demanding that I state that treatment is *his* answer. I have no intention of complying with this imbecilic request.)

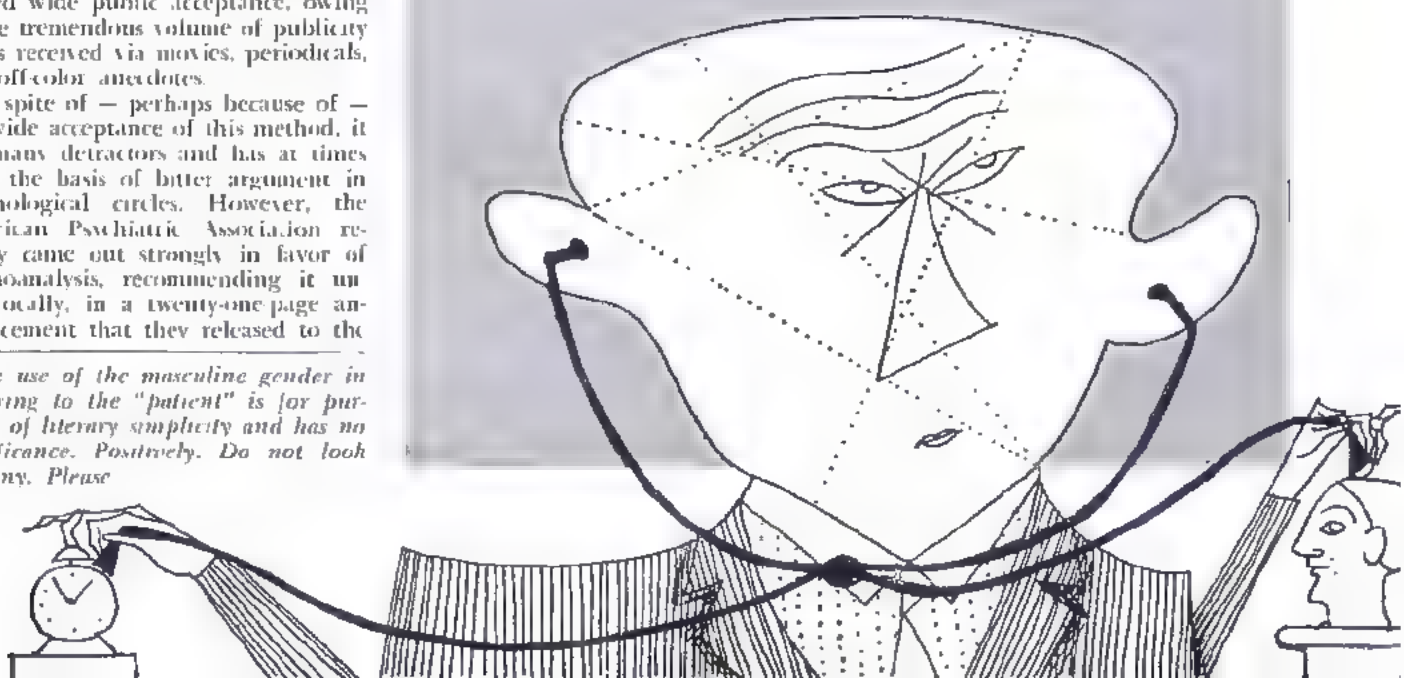
Although the whole idea of attempting to *patch* a personality once it has broken down is futile, some of the devices mentioned in the following pages may have value as temporary expedients in so far as they keep the patient in a functional state long enough for him to attack the real cause of his trouble — his environment.

PSYCHOANALYSIS

This is a method of treating the milder neurosis by letting the patient talk about himself until he becomes so bored he forgets what was originally wrong with him.* Psychoanalysis has gained wide public acceptance, owing to the tremendous volume of publicity it has received via movies, periodicals, and off-color anecdotes.

In spite of — perhaps because of — the wide acceptance of this method, it has many detractors and has at times been the basis of bitter argument in psychological circles. However, the American Psychiatric Association recently came out strongly in favor of psychoanalysis, recommending it unequivocally, in a twenty-one-page announcement that they released to the

**The use of the masculine gender in referring to the "patient" is for purposes of literary simplicity and has no significance. Positively. Do not look for any. Please*



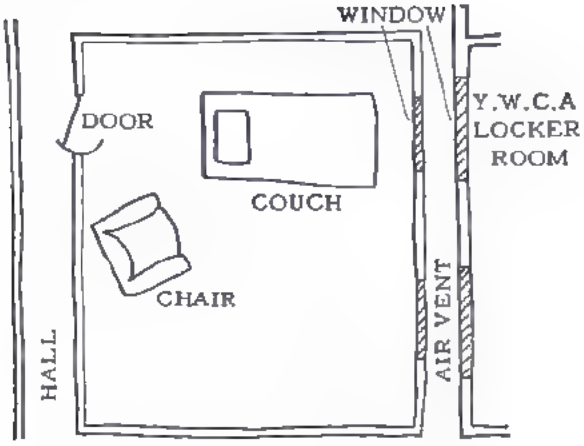


FIGURE II Plan of Dr. Dorsey's office

BY ROGER PRICE

explaining the price method of psychoanalysis, with helpful diagrams by the author.

press. This statement impartially examined the merits of psychoanalysis from every possible angle and gave two principal reasons for the Association's favorable attitude:

1. It costs twenty dollars an hour.
2. It lasts from eight months to ten years.

THE "PRICE METHOD"—HOW IT WORKS

There are several approaches to psychoanalysis. I shall take up here an approach that I devised myself and that lack of false modesty has prompted me to name the "Price Method." About this method, the eminent authority, J. Taylor Dorsey, M. D., has said: ". . . Sure fire! A crackerjack system. Results gotten first time. Just what the public has been waiting for."

The "Price Method" has one tremendous advantage from the standpoint of the would-be psychoanalyst. It requires no diploma.

Because of this advantage, a few Medical Examining Boards here and there have refused to legalize its use. However, it has been recognized by many progressive communities and may safely be practiced in Tierra del Fuego, Mingo County, Texas, and in Gatooma Province, Southern Rhodesia.

At the present time, the "Price Method" is actually being used by only one doctor, my maternal uncle, J. Taylor Dorsey, of —. (For reasons of security [J. Taylor Dorsey's], I cannot give his professional address.)

I will outline briefly here the mechanics of the "Price Method," as practiced by Dr. Dorsey.

The "Price Method" requires little equipment. A couch, a desk, a chair, a pad of notepaper, and a good lawyer.

The most important item is the couch (Figure I).

The unit pictured here is the most up-to-date model and is on sale in metropolitan areas at prohibitive prices. If you wish to avoid a large initial investment in equipment, a satisfactory couch may be secured in a more economical way by stealing one.

When a new patient consults Dr. Dorsey, the procedure is as follows. After a preliminary examination of the patient's Heredity, Social Attitudes, Marital Status, and Suit Pockets, Dr. Dorsey tells him to go home and write a complete history of his own life, putting in every detail no matter how embarrassing or libelous. The patient does this and returns in a few days with the history. Dr. Dorsey then reads the patient's history, corrects the grammar as best he can, changes a few names around, and submits it to *True Story Magazine*.*

He then arranges for the patient to come to his office at specified times during the week and lie on the couch and talk. While the patient is talking, Dr. Dorsey sits in the easy chair with his notepaper. The proper placing of the chair in relation to the couch is of utmost importance (Figure II).

You will notice that the chair is placed behind the couch, so that the patient cannot see the analyst. There is a reason for this. This is so that once the patient begins talking, Dr. Dorsey can sneak out the door, telephone friends, and take care of customers in his haber-dashery downstairs.*

When about fifty minutes have gone by, Dr. Dorsey sneaks back in, stops the patient from talking, and sends him home. If it isn't possible to stop the patient from talking, Dr. Dorsey sends him home, anyway, with a note to the bus driver pinned to his lapel.

In the event that the patient should discover that Dr. Dorsey has left the room while he is talking, the procedure is as follows. Dr. Dorsey enters and finds the patient standing up, looking nervously about the office. He crosses rapidly to chair, sits down, and begins scowling at his notepaper.

PATIENT: Doctor? . . . Doctor Dorsey?

Dr. D: *(Busy with notes)* Mmm . . . mm . . . mmm . . . Oh, what was that?

PATIENT: Doctor, where have you been?

Dr. D: . . . Been? . . .

PATIENT: I looked around while I was talking, and you weren't in the room.

Dr. D: Umm . . . very interesting; you looked around and imagined I wasn't in the room!

PATIENT: But Doctor . . .

Dr. D: *(In a soothing tone)* Now, now, now, now . . . let's not give in so easily . . ."**

This particular device is Dr. Dor-

If you make a sale, reserve motion-picture rights for yourself. Get it in writing. Don't trust magazine editors.

*See Sigmund Freud. The Use of the Tennis Shoe in Psychoanalysis (1930).

***This dialogue is copyrighted. Amateur theatrical groups are warned not to attempt to present it without paying me royalties. Especially high-school groups.*

(continued on page 46)

PERSISTENT NUDE (*continued from page* 18)

ture in a bulky, trailing sarong. She resisted him and tried to pull the garment off as soon as he had finished. She was still wrestling with it when he brought her a peanut butter jar lid with a mixture of sugar and water and placed it in front of her.

He slowly closed the drawer, leaving a small opening for air. His own supper was a peanut butter sandwich, and a cup of tea, drunk reflectively. Immediately afterward he fell into bed and slept as if he were drugged until the alarm awakened him in the morning.

He peeked at once into the drawer. The tiny girl was asleep. She also was undressed again. Part of the sugar and water appeared to be gone. He wished he could stay and try to talk to her, perhaps piece out some of what she was saying, but he felt it would be unwise not to go to work as usual. Still, it might be disastrous if anyone should discover her. He checked to make sure and satisfied himself she could not get out of the drawer. Then he dressed, locked his door carefully, put the "Do Not Disturb" sign on it and went to work.

During the day he decided that perhaps he should wait a bit before he told anyone about her—she might go away.

And when he closed the door behind him that evening and opened the dresser drawer, she *was* gone. He felt a strange disappointment.

Someone chuckled. The nude girl stepped out from behind a framed photograph of Miss Belle on his dresser top. Thumb-size the day before, she was now as big as his entire hand. This discovery caused Mr. Augustus to shake his head twice back and forth quickly. When he focused his eyes again, she was still there and nearly eight inches higher.

"*Surprise!*" she exclaimed in a squeaky voice.

Mr. Augustus gasped and turned Miss Belle's picture to the wall.

"You didn't even think I was real at first, did you?" she giggled. "But you thought about me and created me and—here I am!" The little pixie took up the handkerchief Mr. Augustus had carefully wrapped around her the night before and began to do a naughty rhumba across the dresser top.

"Stop that!" Mr. Augustus exclaimed. "Stop it this instant and put some clothes on."

"Is that all you ever think of," she complained, "*clothes!* Pooh! for your clothes!" She threw the handkerchief in his face.

Mr. Augustus choked, fighting the handkerchief, which had knocked his glasses askew.

"Be reasonable, Daddy," she pleaded. "I'm a nymph from a sylvan grove, and nymphs don't wear clothes." Her voice was like a scratchy children's record. "And if you'll keep on believing in me and just let me stick around, you won't be sorry. She threw her arms up over her head. "'Cause I'm going to grow—and grow—and grow!"

It was evening and at the hotel desk the night clerk was engrossed in a science-fiction magazine. He jumped when he looked up and saw Mr. Augustus peering down at him from over the switchboard.

"What are you reading, young man?" Mr. Augustus asked.

The clerk cleared his throat. "It's a story about a scientist," he said, "who goes to the other side of the moon. And he finds a bunch of little people living there—people no bigger'n your hand. Crazy, huh?"

Mr. Augustus laughed awkwardly. "No bigger than my hand? Imagine! As small as a hand. How absurd!" He continued the uneasy laugh as he disappeared up the stairs.

The "Do Not Disturb" sign was still on the door.

The little creature jumped off the bed when he entered. She was now just tall enough to tug at his belt.

"Did you bring it?" she asked, excitedly.

"Here." He pulled a brown package from his coat and lifted a bottle from it. "I can assure you, I felt quite daring buying it."

"I *can* live on air," the lovely pixie said, laughing, "but every now and then, I appreciate a little nip!"

She looked disturbingly like a small child — a distractingly proportioned, voluptuous child, to be sure, but a child, nevertheless. Mr. Augustus was no longer frightened, however. He was now anticipating her full growth with some pleasure. As he poured out the sherry, he tried to estimate how long it would take her.

"The maid came by again today," she said, leaning against Mr. Augustus as she emptied her drink. "I heard her in the hall. Said something about people who live in pigsties, but I just kept quiet and she didn't come in."

Mr. Augustus looked about the room, at the painting exactly as he had abandoned it a few short days before, at the unmade bed, the dust on the table-top. "It does need tidying a bit," he said. "You're big enough now, while I'm at the office, you . . ."

"No, no, no!" she stamped her foot. "I'm no housemaid! Here," she held out her empty glass, "give me another drink."

A terrible thought came to him suddenly. "You *will* stop growing, won't you?"

"Oh yes," she laughed, and winked at him. "When I'm just the *right* size!"

Mr. Augustus knew he was going to blush, so he turned away, to the closet. He brought out his bathrobe and handed it to her. "Please put this on," he said. "You'll catch cold standing about like that."

"All right," she said. "Just so you'll stop nagging. But I'm not used to clothes, I told you. You've got the craziest ideas about nymphs." She hiccuped.

"That's enough now," Mr. Augustus cautioned. "I don't want you getting tipsy on me."

"Oh, don't be an old killjoy," she said, filling another glass.

Mr. Augustus settled reflectively in his easy chair. This was no child, he mused. She might be little more than three feet tall, but she thought like a woman and she was built like a woman. No one had ever accused him of being a roué before, but he had to admit this lovely creature was bringing out latent possibilities in him.

But he wondered, since she had been created out of his own imagination, would he actually be able to . . . And there was the problem of where to keep her. The maid couldn't be kept out forever. He thought he might install her in an apartment nearby and tell people she was his young niece from Minnesota. No one would suspect him of a lie like that.

His thoughts were interrupted by a giggle from the other side of the room. The girl's long hair hung over one eye, the bathrobe had gotten all twisted around her, and the sherry bottle was empty.

"Wish I was big enough right now," she said. And as he looked at her, she passed out.

The following evening he was late getting home. He had been walking dreamily about the neighborhood, considering places where a nymph might be properly kept, wondering about the problem of clothes, and generally contemplating some of the more pleasant aspects of the situation.

When he opened the door, he received a rather severe shock. His charming nymph was a full-size woman, completely and unmistakably developed.

"Daddy!" she cried. "I thought you'd never get here. Look! Look! I'm all grown up."

Look he did and grown she was. Her voice was sultry and mature. "Mama's been so lonesome all day," she pouted.

"Yes," he said, trying to gather his wits as he made sure the door was

(*continued on page* 44)

PARIS IN NEW YORK

France holds a strange fascination for the rest of the civilized western world. Some of us may think the French are politically eccentric, and may get peeved at what some of their designers are trying to do to female fashions, but most of us are in love with the country and consider Paris the most exotic, romantic city on earth.

Not everyone who dreams of Paris can go there, but fortunately for the others the city often does some visiting of its own. New Yorkers can enjoy a spectacular French revue at the *Latin Quarter* with all the glitter and girls of the smartest Paris night spot.

PARIS 'ROUND THE WORLD

the spell of

GAY PAREE

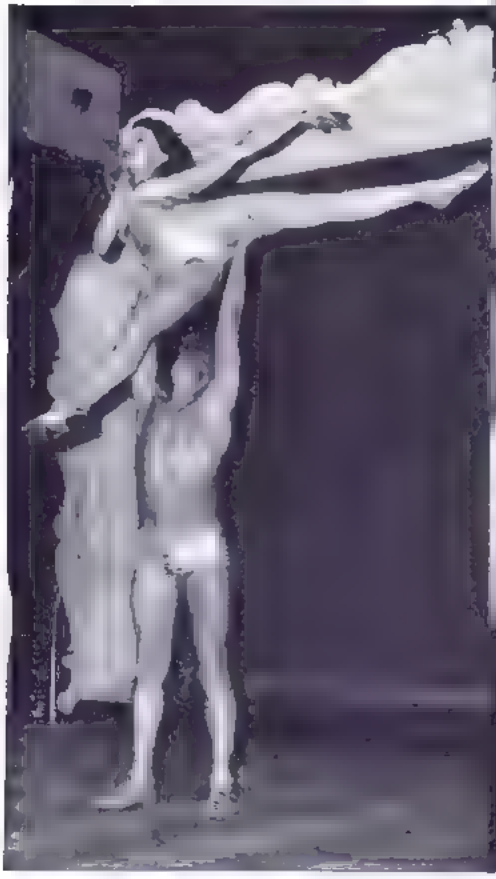
is everywhere

PARIS IN LONDON

The English don't have to swim the channel for a show with continental flavor. a *Folies Bergere Revue* thrives in the very heart of London, with as much nudity on the stage as in the dressing room

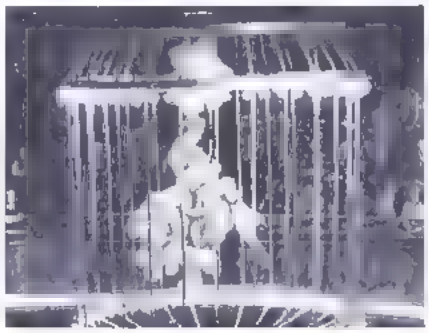
PARIS IN CHICAGO

The *Silver Frolics* offers "Paris in Chicago," with their beautiful, overdressed *Mamselles Parisienne* featured in the production numbers, and equally beautiful, very undressed dancers in the specialty numbers.



PARIS IN PARIS

There is, of course, nothing quite like the real thing—and the night spots of Paris itself are just a little more fabulous, extravagant and exciting than their counterparts 'round the world.



PERSISTENT NUDE (*continued from page* 38)

closed. "I didn't expect—that is, you've grown so quickly—"

"Yes, yes—isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, yes—uh, couldn't you—couldn't you put the bathrobe on again. It's getting hot in here—uh, cold in here—uh." He realized, quite suddenly, that he was not nearly as prepared for this event as he had expected to be. Change the subject, he thought. Must change the subject. "I've been looking for a place for you to stay—"

"But I think this place is *adorable*." She plumped herself down on his bed. "Got a cigaret?"

"But nymphs don't smoke, do they?" he asked.

"Who knows?" she said. "Anyway, I'd like to try. Anything's worth trying once, don't you think?"

"I think," he said, trying to get some determination into his voice, "we will have to get you some clothes and then we will have to find a place for you to stay."

"But I want to stay with *you*," she insisted, "and who needs clothes?"

"I'm sure that's all very well in your sylvan grove, but in our society things are different, and we . . ."

"Oh, let's not talk any more." She moved towards him from the bed. "I've wanted days for this moment . . ." Her arms went about his neck.

Mr. Augustus had also been contemplating this moment for days, but he still was unprepared for it.

"Kiss me," she said. "It will be just the way you imagined it when you created me."

"Wait," he gasped, trying to pull free. "Wait a minute."

She kissed him hotly.

"Stop it," he panted, struggling. "Stop it, you—witch!"

The girl stiffened. She backed away, her hands on her hips. "Now look, Daddy," she said, "my being here was your idea. You'd better start loosening up and enjoying it, or you'll be sorry."

"Not my idea at all," Mr. Augustus said, now thoroughly flustered. "A slip of the brush."

"Why you boldfaced liar!" The girl grabbed his painting and waved it at him. "You philanderer!"

"Be careful of that!" Mr. Augustus said.

She threw the painting to the floor and jumped on it.

"Oh," said Mr. Augustus. "Oh, Oh!"

"Now that we're rid of that thing . . ." She advanced on him again.

"You must go," Mr. Augustus said. "You must." She kept advancing. "I'll call someone," he said. She stopped. "I'll have you put out. You're only my imagination anyway."

"So that's the way it is." She stamped her foot. "Well go ahead and call them. You'll regret it—see if you don't!"

His hand touched the doorknob behind him. He flung the door open and ran. Before it slammed shut again, he heard her shout, "You'll regret it!"

The clerk was reading a comic book. He started when he looked up into Mr. Augustus' flushed, panicky face.

"There's a naked woman in my room and she won't get out," he gasped.

"What—"

"Yes, yes. She's blonde, and she's naked, and she's been there for days. Oh, please come and put her out."

The clerk let himself be tugged to Mr. Augustus' room two flights up.

Mr. Augustus threw open the door. "Look!" he cried dramatically, not looking himself.

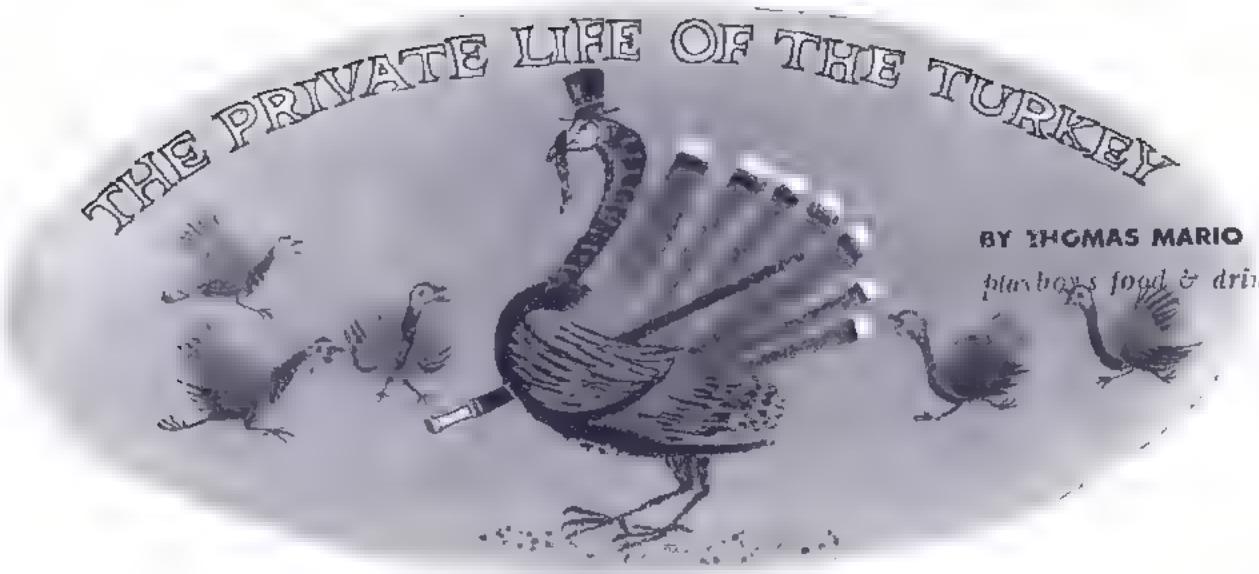
"Well, I'll be damned!" the clerk said softly. He began to laugh, a nice soft chuckle that graduated into a vulgar howl which resounded through the hall as he walked back into the hallway and into the elevator.

"Oh!" he called back, "so that's it. That's why you wouldn't let the maid in. Oh you dog, you. What will the management say?" And he disappeared.

"No, wait. You mustn't—" Mr. Augustus slowly turned his eyes to his room. It was empty. Then he saw the south wall.

There, above his bed, where it had previously been bare and white, was a lifesize mural of a voluptuous nude. And some trick had been worked with the paints that gave a mischievous pixie look to the eyes.

"Two dozen, please—and stop calling me 'madam'!"



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE TURKEY

BY THOMAS MARIO
playboy's food & drink editor

A FEW TIMELY TIPS ON CUTTING UP THE BARNYARD CUT-UP

THE BIG TURKEY DAY at the end of the month reminds us that some of these gay birds are the most outstanding two-legged philanderers in the world. Hunters report on the polygamous activities observed amongst wild turkeys during the March and April mating months. Strangely, the most sought after mates in the turkey world are not young playboys but old gobblers — patriarchs who've been around for years and who, because of their experience, cause submissive hens to flock to them in droves.

A male gobbler doesn't want soft lights for his amour. He prefers bright sunlight. From his roost on a tree or fence, he begins his noisy gil-obble-obbleeng love call. When a female shows, he spreads his tail feathers in a magnificent fan, throws out his chest, and struts about the area, mostly in circles. This sort of nonsense apparently makes a big hit with female turkeys, and eventually vigorous old toms collect harems covering two or three miles.

At the same time, younger birds can screech their fool heads off without being noticed. In time, some of them will learn the subtle art of turkey love and they, too, will acquire harems. Some never do make out, however, and these sad birds become thin and tough while forlornly looking for a little female companionship.

Polygamy is the rule with domestic flocks, too. Female turkeys become upset when too many males are around. Turkey growers will tell you that one tom to every ten hens causes undue disturbance during the mating season. One tom to every fifteen females not only makes for a more contented flock but also for greater fertility.

In other ways, too, the turkey is a gay bird. Some have been known to enjoy racing, drinking, movies, and adventure.

Racing turkeys used to be quite a sport. In the 1800's, a famous bird named Mad Billy beat all other entries six years in a row on a Connecticut turkey track. He finally lost the seventh year to Long Johnny, his owner retired him, and he was guest of honor at a delicious roast turkey dinner.

Drinking turkeys are common in Central America. The birds are given rum or whiskey just before they are sent to the block for beheading. Liquor relaxes them and is supposed to make them more tender. Normally a few jiggers of rum will get the turkey sufficiently blotto. One frisky tom required a full fifth of Scotch, however. It became a problem of drinking him under the table before serving him on top of it.

The turkey world has its movie stars, too. Though never as famous as Pathe's crowing rooster, Mr. Joseph C. Shaw of Los Angeles owned a bird that earned $15 a day for playing in barnyard scenes for the movies.

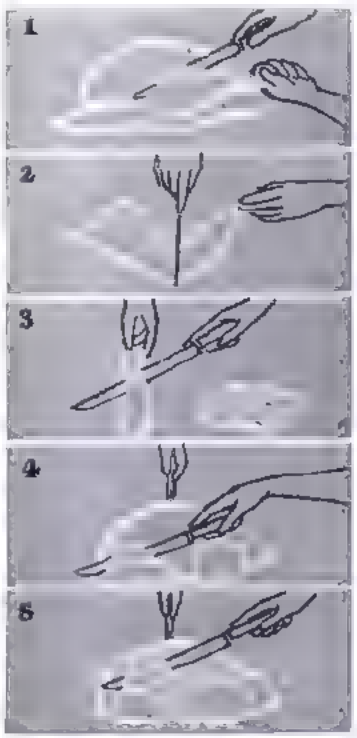
And don't let anyone tell you the turkey doesn't love travel and adventure. In the 1850's, American Clipper Ships carried them on long voyages as good luck mascots.

The turkey is a full blooded American. Ancient Peruvian writings describe the gorgeous turkeys owned by the emperor. It was against the law for common people to eat turkey.

Before the new world was discovered, the fowl was unknown in Europe. The first explorers brought wild turkeys back with them, and Europeans soon domesticated the bird. As early as 1570, Charles IX of France celebrated a feast with a huge turkey dinner. Englishmen also started to breed and raise turkeys on farms. In fact, the first domestic turkeys in America were brought from the old world to the new, where the original settlers were still munching on tough wild turkey taken from the woods.

Ben Franklin suggested the turkey should be our national bird instead of the eagle. Franklin might have had an easier time making his point if he had lived in 1954, which will see sixty-one million turkeys produced on U.S. farms. Even a man with Ben's imagination might have had difficulty picturing the turkey taken from the grass

(continued on page 48)



MENTAL ILLNESS *continued from page 37)*

sey's own contribution to the "Prue Method," and he assures me that it has worked perfectly every time he has had to use it.

So much for the mechanics of the visit. These visits are repeated until the patient is (*a*) cured or (*b*) runs out of money.

EXAMPLES OF ANALYSIS

Occasionally, Dr. Dorsey will stay right in the room with the patient (when business is slow in the haberdashery) and makes notes of his talk. The patient's talk is what is called Free Association. This means he just lies there and says whatever happens to come into his mind. Although this sort of thing will appear to have no significance to the layman, the trained "Prue Method" analyst can frequently get valuable information regarding the basic cause of the patient's disorder by studying his seemingly random thoughts.

Here are a few examples, taken from Dr. Dorsey's files, that illustrate this technique. First, we have the transcription of the patient's Free-Associative monologue, followed by the doctor's analysis.

CASE NUMBER: 67 45 08*

THE PATIENT: *A large jovial man of 43, happily married for 19 years, employed by an advertising agency. Complained of restlessness and inability to concentrate on work.*

TRANSCRIPTION: . . . Sure is hot today . . . had a great day at the office . . . gave Dick Davis a hot-foot . . . ha-ha . . . Davis has cute secretary . . . wore low-cut dress . . . built like a million dollars . . . have to deposit check . . . like bank . . . cute girl in first cage . . . wears low-cut dresses . . . built like a million dollars . . . saw girl on Madison Avenue . . . stopped to look in window . . . stopped beside her, followed her twelve blocks, wanted to give her little pinch . . . wore very low-cut dress . . . built like a million dollars . . . followed tall blonde . . . wore high neck dress . . . probably frigid . . . hell with her . . . crowded drugstore for lunch . . . short brunette . . . wore tight sweater . . . built like a million dollars . . . got nasty when I gave her little pinch . . . hell with her . . . rode subway One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street and back . . . no luck . . . saw redhead on Forty-fourth Street . . . if gained a few pounds would be built like a million dollars . . . followed her in newsreel theater . . . sat down beside . . . gave little pinch . . . surprised such little theater had such big ushers . . . hell with them . . . went to office . . . new elevator operator . . . plump . . . loose uniform . . . couldn't fool me . . . was built like a million dollars . . . elevator crowded . . . gave her five little pinches . . . rode down and up again . . . gave her six pinches . . . overconfident . . . gave her two more little pinches . . . I was only one left in car . . . she got suspicious . . . hell with her . . . went to office . . . conference with J. P. . . . his secretary wearing low-cut dress . . . built like a million dollars . . .

ANALYSIS BY DR. DORSEY: *This man spends too much time thinking about money.*

CASE NUMBER: 33 97 20

THE PATIENT: *A small man of 51. Employed as chief accountant by domestic vermouth distributing company, very happily married for ten months to wife, 34 years old. Complained of headaches and spots before eyes.*

TRANSCRIPTION: . . . Sure is hot today . . . wonder what we'll have for dinner . . . Ethel fixed creamed mushrooms again last night . . . three months now I've had nothing but creamed mushrooms . . . Ethel likes to fix them . . . wonder if Ethel's cousin Charley dropped by today . . . nice he can come over in afternoons to keep her company . . . nice fellow, her cousin Charley . . . funny . . . I never even knew Ethel had a cousin until that afternoon I came home early from work and happened to meet him . . . nice fellow . . . very fond of me, too . . . goes out in the woods and looks for mushrooms . . . and he doesn't even like them himself . . . Ethel hasn't eaten any of the creamed mushrooms for the past week, either . . . but I pretend I like them because she and Cousin Charley sure enjoy watching me eat them . . . they've been tasting strange the past week . . . mushrooms tasted strange this morning at breakfast . . . but I hate to complain . . . Ethel is so proud of her creamed mushrooms . . . anyway . . . anyway . . . awwwwk . . . (*choking sounds*) . . . Doc, could I have a glass of . . . (*choking sounds*) . . . Awwwkk-kwwkkwwwkkk!

ANALYSIS BY DR. DORSEY: *Rigor mortis.*

CASE NUMBER: 81 01 65

THE PATIENT: *A thin, worried looking man with pronounced nervous twitch. Indeterminate age. Hair prematurely gray. Wearing blue suit, no shirt, and a rasher of bacon on top of his head. Walked on all fours. Complained of unnatural fears.*

TRANSCRIPTION: . . . Sure is cold today . . . I don't like cold because *they* like cold . . . those spies who follow me and send atomic rays from their eyeballs . . . they want to force me to *tell* . . . but I won't . . . won't, won't. I'll kill them all . . . ha-ha-ha-ha . . . I'll kill everyone . . . no they'll kill me . . . I can't escape . . . at lunch

FIGURE III Walter

FIGURE IV Television Set

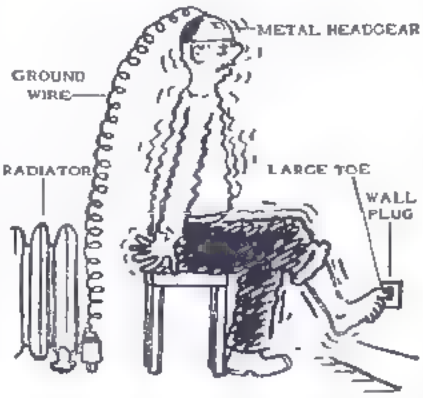


FIGURE V Patient* Receiving Shock Treatment

*Fictitious number used to conceal patient's real number.

*Fictitious drawing used to conceal real drawing of patient.

I disguised myself by stuffing mashed potatoes in my ears . . . but they still recognize me . . . they keep anyone from giving me a job . . . they've stolen all my money . . . I don't have a cent left . . . Hm? What's that, Doctor? . . . No, it's true. I don't have a cent . . . I don't know how I'll be able to pay you for—

ANALYSIS BY DR. DORSEY: *A malingerer. Treatment discontinued*

THERAPY (OCCUPATIONAL)

If a patient can be induced to learn and practice some simple mechanical skill, he will sometimes forget his original worries and confusions and be fooled into thinking he is actually coping with life. (Ha!) In the spring of 1945 a man named Walter was recommended to me by friends (my friends). He was suffering from schizophrenia, nervousness, and osmosis. I studied this subject carefully. He was a man of unusual appearance. (See Figure III.)

As you will notice, the subject had an eye condition.

The eye condition was not part of his psychosis, but was caused by the fact that he owned *two* television sets.

I realized that I must lose no time in getting Walter's mind occupied. Thinking of his interest in television, I set him to work in my workshop, and in a few weeks he had invented a revolutionary new type of television set.

The television set has a screen just one inch high but twenty-two inches long. (See Figure IV.)

It is for people who squint.

I personally think this set has marvelous commercial possibilities. RCA does not agree. Neither does Philco. (Some of those corporations that think they are so smart should have their heads examined, too, if you ask me.) Nevertheless, Walter agreed with me, and he soon became so involved in plans to market his invention that within two months his general mental condition rose twelve per cent and his osmosis disappeared entirely.

SHOCK TREATMENT

Recommended for advanced cases. This method requires a great deal of complicated equipment, which you use to pass ten thousand volts of electricity (slightly higher west of the Rockies) through the patient's body. The equipment may either be purchased or constructed at home with an A. C. Gilbert Number 3 Erector Set. (See Figure V.)

This treatment, of course, cannot be used on every Tom, Dick, or Harry who comes along. When using this technique you must be careful to choose patients who have long toes. Also make sure that the patient is not DC, or you will end up with blowing out a fuse (or patient).

Incidentally, if it should become necessary, it is possible to drop slices of bread down the subject's shirt and make toast.

WATER TREATMENT

This treatment consists of plunging a patient rapidly into alternate tubs of hot and cold water. It is recommended for dirty patients.

HYPNOTHERAPY

Several months ago I had a marked success with a hysterical woman patient by placing her under a strong light until she calmed down somewhat, and then speaking to her quietly as follows: "You should have a new Buick. A Buick is a fine car. You should get a new Buick."

This is what is known as "auto-suggestion."

It is highly recommended by Adler, Jung, and General Motors.

CONCLUSION

These are merely a few of the accepted methods of treating mental disorders. There is not too much literature available on this subject (fortunately), although in 1932 my Grandfather Tooten began work on a twelve-volume anthology that would correlate all of the known facts into one definitive treatise. But he couldn't get a ribbon for his typewriter, so he quit and started raising rabbits instead.

So much for treatments. We are now prepared to take up the study of *Avoidism*.

I am, anyway,

In his important series of scientific articles for PLAYBOY, Mr. Price has discussed *Your Mind and How It Works* (March), *Testing Your Personality* (June), and *The Treating of Mental Illness* (November). Next month, he will explain *Avoidism*, his own optimistic philosophy designed to save modern man from himself. We of PLAYBOY feel that this new philosophy is only slightly less important and world shaking than Darwin's *Theory of Evolution*, Einstein's *United Field Theory*, and Dior's *Plan for Reducing the Birth Rate*. We know that the publishing of Price's theories on *Avoidism* will be an occurrence of some importance in scientific circles, as we have already received several threatening letters and abusive phone calls from various scientists and scientific organizations.

BOXING *(continued from page 17)*

them came up the hard way, through the clubs, taking five, six, ten years to develop to championship ability.

We were talking to a young colored fighter the other day—twenty-seven, married, with two children. He has fought twenty-seven times and has beaten some of the best men in his weight.

"I can't get a fight," he says matter-of-factly. "I want to fight. I can beat those guys. You talk about a hungry fighter . . . I got two kids to feed.

"My manager phones all over the country. Always it's the same. The club fights are gone except in a couple of cities. You ask for a spot on a television card, it's always, 'Well, you haven't got a name,' or, 'We'll see what we can do, but it doesn't look good.'

"I never have trouble getting a fight after I lose. It's when I win they won't go near me."

This boy won't get fights for two reasons: 1.) He's a fighter's fighter—that is, he is very good at making other fighters look bad. Managers trying to build up their own boys don't like to risk deflation at the hands of a clever boxer. 2.) His manager is an independent operator—IBC doesn't own any part of his contract.

What happens next? It isn't very difficult to predict. The present champs who still are good drawing cards, will keep on fighting for years. With the clubs gone it will become increasingly difficult to find worthwhile competition for them. The sort of matching and rematching and re-rematching that has already started will become more and more common. Television boxing will begin looking like wrestling, and the viewers will go back to the "spectaculars" and old English movies. When the ratings drop, sponsors will start selling their beer and razor blades with some other kind of show, and boxing will slip to a third rate sport like soccer or motorcycle hill-climbing.

There is always the chance, of course, that some fine legislator who enjoys boxing may suggest a law or two to curb IBC's monopolistic tendencies and give the sport back to the independent promoters. But until this happens, you're going to be seeing better fights at a hockey game than in the ring.

TURKEY (continued from page 45)

range to be raised in confinement, treated with ultra-violet rays and fed penicillin to stimulate growth. In Ben's time, a full grown turkey weighed approximately eighteen pounds. Today, you can buy a bronze giant that weighs forty.

Whatever the size of the bird, a turkey dinner must be prepared before it can be enjoyed, and a man's part in the preparation comes when it's time to carve.

Unfortunately, many a sophisticated fellow has stood at the holiday table, smiling confidently with carving knife in hand only to discover a few moments later that you can't carve a turkey unless you have a turkey. The amateur carver finds, when he attempts to slice the first delicious morsel, that even a dead bird can take wing, so to speak. The turkey begins moving as soon as he tries to slice it.

The carver may then recall that he is supposed to first insert the carving fork into the carcass to keep the turkey in place. He tries this, but the gobbler continues to slip about the platter. The carver frowns, lowers his head, and tackles the problem in earnest. He jabs his fork violently into the turkey and the turkey slides off the platter onto the hostess' table cloth, or maybe her lap.

Quickly the carver tries to recover his fumble. The mob on the side lines are shouting and jumping, and when he finally does get the bird back into place, his shirt front is covered with turkey fat and his necktie has, somehow, become caught in the cord used to tie up the bird before roasting.

At this point, the carver may try a Party Joke or two, or mumble something about chicken and how easy it is to hack apart in a couple of strokes.

But the difference between chicken and turkey is, after all, immeasurable. It is the difference between a luscious Latin bosom and a figure suited to the new Dior Look. Even the name of our most popular turkey is voluptuous: the Broad Breasted Bronze. The chicken is nice and inoffensive; the turkey is rich with breath taking curves. If you are served a small portion of chicken, you excuse it, understanding that the chicken is a naturally limited bird. But when the roast turkey is brought on, with its herb stuffing and brown giblet gravy, it is a great mound of joy. A chicken leg is disposed of quickly; the leg of a turkey, however, is a real event. Like a conductor raising his baton you lift the drumstick in a broad gesture of delight, then munch away for all to behold.

Turkey tacklers who set out to carve the bird would be wise to take a tip or two from the professional cook, who never approaches a turkey unless it is resting on a wooden carving board. The board should be dry and free from grease. Carving boards suitable for home use are available at household stores. One type of board is equipped with chromium spikes to keep the bird from leaving the roost.

Secondly, the professional cook is equipped with a knife that is always razor sharp. He uses the knife steel frequently during carving operations. Thirdly, he keeps a clean kitchen towel within reach to wipe the hands or the knife handle when either become slippery. Fourthly, a turkey, he knows, should never be carved until it has been out of the oven at least thirty minutes. This permits the inner cooking to subside; the meat sets, making for easier carving into clean, neat slices.

Here are the principal steps in carving a turkey.

1. Holding the drumstick in one hand and the carving knife in the other, cut down to separate the drumstick and thigh from the body of the turkey. Let the knife hug the side of the body as it moves downward. It may be necessary to twist the drumstick and thigh slightly to sever them from the body.

2. Cut between the drumstick and thigh. Use the knife tip to probe between the leg and thigh joint. Again, twist the two parts if necessary to separate them.

3. Cut the drumstick in relatively thick slices about ¼ to ½ inch thick. Turn the drumstick around as it is being sliced. Or pass the drumstick whole if someone clamors sufficiently for it. Cut the thigh in slices of the same thickness, cutting around the thigh bone when you come to it.

4. Cut off the wing at the joint which connects it to the body.

5. Holding the bird with the fork inserted in breast bone or keel bone (the very top of the breast) start cutting the breast meat downward in slices about ⅛ inch thick or less. Cut parallel slices, using a long sawing motion with the knife. Avoid cutting slices that are too large in diameter or too thick. Four thin slices taste better than two thick slices. Be sure serving plates or platter are nearby so that the meat can be transferred easily from the carving board.

While the turkey is setting and during the carving process, the meat naturally cools. Be sure that the serving plates are warm, that the dressing is steaming, and that the gravy poured over the turkey is bubbling hot.

For turkey parties, it is now possible to buy the bird roasted and ready for carving at a slight additional cost. Some dealers, in fact, will provide you with a turkey already carved or the turkey carved with the meat put back on the frame, looking just as the turkey does when it is taken from the oven.

TURKEY SANDWICHES

For large groups sandwiches should be prepared beforehand and stored in the refrigerator until serving time. Place the sandwiches on the platter in which they are to be served and cover them with a dampened cloth, towel or napkin.

The butter for turkey sandwiches should be left at room temperature until it is soft enough to spread but is not melting. The butter may be made more tasteful by adding horseradish or worcestershire sauce to it before spreading. To each half cup of butter add 2 teaspoons of drained horseradish or ½ teaspoon worcestershire sauce.

Never use bread that is more than a day old. If you're using rye bread, be sure it is the sour-type rye, thinly sliced. Spread one slice of bread with butter to the very edge. Drape the turkey over the bread, having it somewhat thicker in the middle than at the edge. Place the top slice on the turkey. Press firmly. Cut the sandwich diagonally. Arrange the two halves so that the cut side shows.

Along with your cold turkey sandwiches serve garlic flavored dill pickles, a big bowl of creamy cole slaw, and huge ripe olives. Open dry light beer as soon as the sandwiches are passed.

TURKEY CLUB SANDWICHES

Use three slices of buttered toast per person. Between the first two slices of toast place sliced turkey meat, lettuce and mayonnaise. On top of the second piece of toast place two slices of crisp grilled bacon and thin slices of tomato. Add the top slice of toast. Fasten with toothpicks if the structure seems wobbly. Deliver, along with the club sandwiches, a man-size platter of French fried potatoes. Serve hot, freshly brewed coffee at once and at frequent intervals thereafter.

GRILLED SMOKED TURKEY SANDWICHES

Smoked turkey is a prepared product that can be purchased in delicatessens, sliced by the pound. If you like fine hickory ham, you'll love smoked turkey. It should be sliced paper thin. Like ham and cheese, smoked turkey and cheese are natural partners. Between slices of white bread place sliced cheddar cheese and sliced smoked turkey. Butter the outside of the sandwich generously with softened butter. Place the sandwich on the grill and close it. Serve at once with shoe string potatoes and mixed ale and stout.

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